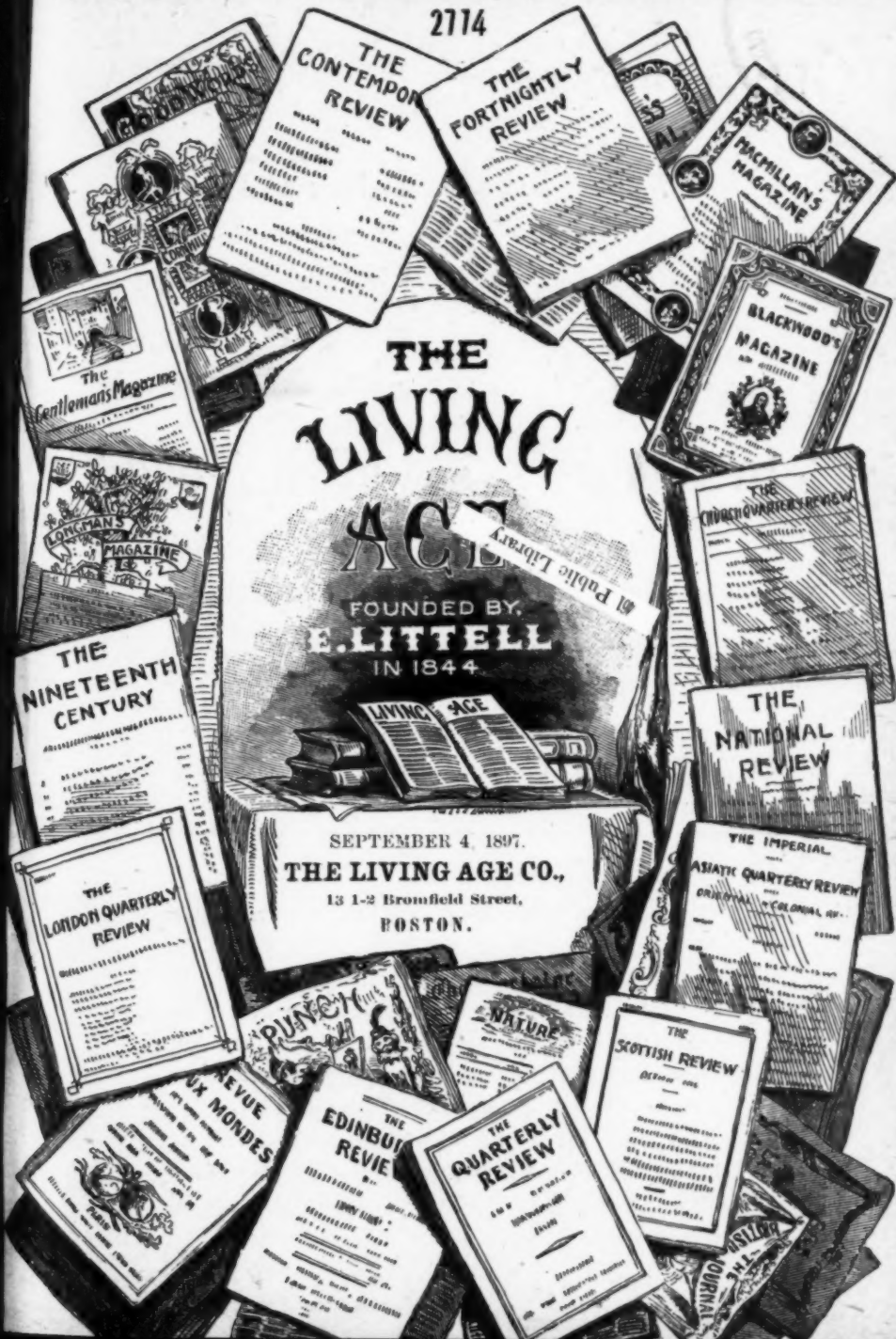


IN NATURE'S WAGGISH MOOD—By PAUL HEYSE.

2714



THIS Number of

## THE LIVING AGE



Contains the  
first instalment  
of - - -

### "In Nature's Waggish Mood,"

By PAUL HEYSE.

Translated for The Living Age by HARRIET LIEBER COHEN.

"In Nature's Waggish Mood" is a quaint story, portraying a strange friendship between two contrasting characters who in different ways have experienced nature's caprices, and whose views of life vary widely. The story is thoughtful and suggestive, with a vein of tenderness. It will be completed in six numbers.

---

"I prize it (THE LIVING AGE) beyond any other publication that comes to me for personal reading. I send you this unasked, because I enjoy LITTELL'S LIVING AGE so much : because it takes me out of the confused, inaccurate and sensational 'Press as it exists to-day, and creates an intellectual environment, high, serene, detached, yet educational, and related to all important events of our own times.

I thank you for this with all my heart. I read my LIVING AGE while I am waiting for my breakfast or my dinner. I carry it about with me. It takes me out of my worries, it aids my digestion."

J. C. CROLY (Jennie June).







# THE LIVING AGE.

Sixth Series,  
Volume XV.

No. 2774—September 4, 1897.

{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CCXIV.

## CONTENTS.

I. IN NATURE'S WAGGISH MOOD. By Paul Heyse. Translated for The Living Age by Harriet Lieber Cohen. Part I.	627
II. THE POETRY OF GEORGE MEREDITH, <i>Church Quarterly</i> ,	634
III. AN UNNOTED CORNER OF SPAIN. By Hannah Lynch,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , 644
IV. SOME REMINISCENCES OF ENGLISH JOURNALISM. By Sir Wemyss Reid,	<i>Nineteenth Century</i> , 653
V. EUROPE'S NEW INVALID. By John Foreman,	<i>National Review</i> , 661
VI. THE TALE OF A GRECIAN BOY. By Neil Wynn Williams,	<i>Gentleman's Magazine</i> , 671
VII. THE NEW SAYINGS OF CHRIST. By M. R. JAMES,	<i>Contemporary Review</i> , 675
VIII. A TRAPPIST MONASTERY IN NATAL. By Carlyle Smythe,	<i>Chambers's Journal</i> , 680
IX. BORDER ESSAYS,	<i>Spectator</i> , 684
X. A PORTRAIT TRIO,	<i>Athenæum</i> , 686
XI. THE EARLY RISING FALLACY,	<i>London Standard</i> , 687

## POETRY.

THE DAY BEYOND, . . . . .	626	AN AMERICAN ECHO OF THE	
FAITH AND LOVE, . . . . .	626	JUBILEE, . . . . .	626
TO ONE WHOSE LOVE LIES DYING	626		

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
THE LIVING AGE COMPANY, BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR SIX DOLLARS remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, and money-orders should be made payable to the order of THE LIVING AGE CO.

Single copies of THE LIVING AGE. 15 cents.

## THE DAY BEYOND.

When youth is with us, all things seem  
 But lightly to be wished and won;  
 We snare to-morrow in a dream  
 And take our toil for work undone:  
 "For life is long, and time a stream  
 That sleeps and sparkles in the sun—  
 What need of any haste?" we say;  
 "To-morrow's longer than to-day."

And when to-morrow shall destroy  
 The heaven of our dreams, in vain  
 Our hurrying manhood we employ  
 To build the vanished bliss again;  
 We have no leisure to enjoy.

So few the years that yet remain;  
 So much to do, and, ah!" we say,  
 "To-morrow's shorter than to-day."

But when our hands are worn and weak,  
 And still our labors seem unblest,  
 And time goes past us like a bleak  
 Last twilight waning to the west,  
 "It is not here—the bliss we seek;  
 Too brief is life for happy rest.  
 And yet what need of grief?" we say;  
 "To-morrow's longer than to-day."

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

Chambers's Journal.

## FAITH AND LOVE.

The darkened chamber held the maiden  
 dead.  
 Her name was Faith. Of long neglect she  
 died.  
 And now men rose and shook themselves  
 and cried,  
 "O Faith, come back,—come back ere  
 Hope be fled!"  
 But she lay silent on her solemn bed,  
 And men grew piteous at their prayer  
 denied:  
 They said "No more is man to man allied:  
 We fall asunder—and the world," they  
 said.  
 And while they talked, behold a gracious  
 form,  
 And Love beside the pillow bending low:  
 "We live and die together, she and I."  
 So then he kissed her, and her flesh grew  
 warm:  
 She woke and faced them with a ruddy  
 glow.  
 If Love be living, Faith can never die.

EDWARD CRACROFT LEFROY.

## AN AMERICAN ECHO OF THE JUBILEE.

"Even in a palace life may be led well."  
 MARCUS AURELIUS.

Queen of the home and Empress of the  
 earth!  
 Where'er to-day her fettered lightnings  
 run,  
 Girdling the world more swiftly than the  
 sun,  
 They tell her love, her sympathy, her  
 worth,  
 Through sixty years of mingled dole and  
 mirth,  
 Since that benignant, splendid reign  
 begun,  
 Since the slim girl first heard that first  
 glad gun  
 Which lit the fire upon her sacred hearth.

Not to the Monarch, to the mighty Queen,  
 Whose sceptre sweeps the farthest seas  
 to-day,  
 Whose standard floats where'er a wave is  
 seen,  
 Men kneel in homage; from all lands they  
 come  
 And bow in reverence to that loftiest  
 sway,  
 The Mother Queen, the high ideal of  
 Home.

Spectator. WILLIAM P. ANDREWS.

## TO ONE WHOSE LOVE LIES DYING.

Fear Time, but fear not Death,  
 O fearful Lover;  
 Death will thy Love to thee for e'er be-  
 queath.  
 Time may discover  
 How love with Time weighs little,  
 And seeming trust, as crystal glass, is  
 brittle.

Fear Time, but fear not Death,  
 For death is sealing  
 The lips for thee from which their fra-  
 grant breath  
 His touch is stealing.  
 Then fear not Death, O Lover;  
 Time and not Death may flaw in her  
 discover.

ELLA FULLER MAITLAND.

IN NATURE'S WAGGISH MOOD.<sup>1</sup>

BY PAUL HEYSE.

Translated for THE LIVING AGE by Harriet Lieber Cohen.

PART I.

It was a wild autumn night. A cruel fog seemed blowing from all four points of the compass at once. The streets were cleared of all pedestrians who had no urgent reason for being out-of-doors; sentinels had crept into their sentry-boxes, policemen had found shelter in warm bar-rooms—their duties as custodians of the peace always taking them away from their posts when such weather was abroad,—and yet in one of the suburbs of the provincial town there might have been seen, on this night in question, a tiny little figure walking as leisurely over the damp, oozy pavements as though the most cloudless of summer skies had lured him forth by its beauty. The distant observer would probably have taken the little piece of humanity for a child of three or four who had strayed from home and now, frightened and perhaps fearing punishment, was wandering aimlessly in the dark and fog. Closer approach, however, aided by the flickering light from the corner street-lamp, would have shown that this was not the figure of a child. True, a pair of clear grey eyes looked out from under the broad-brimmed black felt hat, and a round, rosy-cheeked face emerged from the turned-up collar of a heavy brown overcoat, but the chin had a straggling growth of light brown beard, while crow's feet about the eyes and lines around the mouth, as well as the bold and resolute expression on the finely chiselled features, gave unmistakable evidence that the small personage had long since reached man's estate and that his stunted stature must have been caused by human mischance, or by nature with malice prepense.

In his right hand the little man carried a stick whose ferrule end sounded a regular tick-tack on the plaster pavement; the left bore a closed dark lantern, which strikingly enhanced his gnome-like appearance. A long gray

beard and the strange figure might easily have been taken for one of those fabled elfs who grope their way through subterranean passages and there securely hide their mysterious treasures from the eyes of men. The dark lantern, however, served a much more modest purpose; for, during his nocturnal rambles as often as the little night-bird would meet a creature of ordinary size,—who naturally at once fell to wondering what the child was doing out in the street at such an hour,—he would press his finger on the round door of the lantern and hold the light aloft so that it would fall full on his own face; then at a glance from those clear grey eyes, that looked as though they knew quite well what they were about, the inquisitive observer would pass on, reserving his pity for a more needy object. With the guards and policemen he seemed to be on familiar terms, and they would call out cheerily in passing: "Good evening, Mr. Hinze," whereupon Mr. Hinze would as cheerily return the salutation in a thin, high-pitched voice that was very earnest and resolute withal. Then he would proceed leisurely on his contemplative way, from time to time swinging his stick in the air and giving an occasional lunge with it as though he were a young student practising the tierce and carte with no one near to criticise.

This inhospitable night, however, he had wandered for an hour in and out of street and side street, meeting no other living creature except a masterless dog, who, wet and shivering, had brushed up close to him for some human comfort. The emptiness of the street did not seem to oppress him; on the contrary he would stand in reverie before some half-built house, or gaze long and intently at one of the gaudy, pretentious villas with balcony and terrace; then he would fall into a murmured soliloquy, give a low shrill whistle, that might have come from the lungs of a mouse, and move quietly on his way.

It struck twelve from a neighboring church-tower as the noctambulist turned into one of the broader thoroughfares where the street-lamps made a more imposing display—the streaming sidewalks absorbing and reflecting their

<sup>1</sup> Copyright by The Living Age Company.

light in truly magnificent fashion. Immediately before him rose an ancient building, its doorway a mass of sculptured stone. Upon the topmost step of the flight lay a black object that excited his curiosity. He stepped closely up to it and beheld a large raven, evidently an inmate of the house, belated, and forced, for fear of worse, to sleep on the door step. The thick beak was buried under its wing, and the approach of footsteps had not roused the bird, so heavy was its sleep. At a sharp flash from the dark-lantern, however, it raised its head in angry fashion and stared at the curious figure before it.

"Good evening, old gentleman," said the intruder in his high-pitched voice. "You have not selected the most agreeable resting-place for your slumbers. True, a wise man preserves an inward peace in foul weather as in fair, and the lofty position you have chosen proves that you consider yourself above those lowly ones whose feet are chained to earth. But your black coat—I trust you'll take no offence—is somewhat worn and threadbare; the wind is whistling through the seams. Take my advice and find a warm corner under the church roof, or pay a friendly visit to your cousin Madam Owl. Why are you glaring so viciously at me with those sharp eyes of yours and using your beak in such an ugly fashion? I am treating you with all due respect; in fact, if you have no prejudice against such young people as myself, I should be happy to have your friendship. You please me uncommonly well, Mr. Von Corax. Here is my hand. Take it. You will not? Well, then, permit me to stroke your highly respectable and ancient beak. Please hold still. I myself have had a rather ill-omened life, so you see we are distantly related."

During this address the human mite stepped closer and closer to the large bird and extended his hand in purest amity. The raven listened to the overture of peace in growing alarm and, with ruffled feathers and hoarse screams, fluttered back into the deep recess of the doorway. In his long and meditative life he had seen many strange things among the children of men, but at this friendly countenance

he stared amazed. Such a kobold he had never chanced upon; and as though the kobold were stretching out his hand to throttle him, the bird trembled in every limb and again its hoarse cries grew loud and fierce; then, retreating from the attack as far as his narrow quarters allowed, and fearing that the next instant the elfin hand would be around his throat, he uttered a despairing angry scream and with outstretched wings and threatening beak flew violently against his importunate and obnoxious visitor.

The manikin had but time to dodge with head and shoulders, and hold his lamp aloft. Again the age-worn eyes were blinded, and again the bird drew back—for an instant only, then with a new access of fury he assailed his foe afresh and drove him backward, step by step, down the long flight. The object of his wrath was determined to conciliate him if possible, for at every step of his retreat he tried to pacify the irate bird, repeating that it was merely a misunderstanding, that he never would have addressed him had he guessed his choleric disposition. His words seemed to madden the bird the more, and he was beginning to fear that he must use his stick in defence when the approach of a third party suddenly brought the encounter to an end.

For, during the struggle, around the corner came a figure who, to the casual wayfarer presented a much more questionable and alarming appearance than the odd little man with the lantern. The newcomer was a very giant in height and breadth. For cloak he wore a horse blanket, a hole cut in the middle served for the head to pass through, and leathern straps fastened it about the waist. His bushy hair stood out on both sides below a round, grey cap that was fastened under the massive chin by ear-caps, and his tremendous feet encased in hobnailed shoes thundered along on the sidewalk. Slowly, but with prodigious strides, the giant approached the scene of the strange combat, but so deeply was he absorbed in thought that he would have passed the contestants as indifferently as a cat and dog quarrelling in the street, had not the fast revolving lantern first thrown the old

house front into a strong light, then sent a vivid flash into his eyes. His attention was arrested. At the same moment the raven discerned him, and as though this new and terrific apparition paralyzed the bird, its hoarse cry ceased, it fluttered back, was quiet for an instant, then fiercely stretching its wings, again it rose and, with low, uncertain eddying flew round and round, higher and higher over the head of its tiny adversary, its screams almost human in their anger and distress, and disappeared in the blackness of the night.

The dwarf, intent on the struggle, had not heeded the stranger's approach and, as the raven left him in possession of the field he sank, trembling in every limb, and absolutely unnerved, upon the bottommost step and wiped the perspiration from his brow. Suddenly he sprang excitedly to his feet as a deep bass voice close at hand exclaimed: "The bird has not hurt you, little one?"

Speech faltered the master of the situation. He stared up at the gigantic figure, as it towered above him nodding its head in friendliest fashion, and some minutes passed before his excited senses were restored to equanimity. He sank again upon the step and answered, his heart still beating a lively pit-a-pat: "I thank you—there is nothing the matter with me. I am only a little out of breath. I should have been more discreet and not meddled with the stupid thing. But that is one of my weaknesses—as you see—" Again a glance at the mighty piece of humanity at his side, for the giant to bring himself within easier range had taken a seat by his little friend, and, in the uncertain light cast by the flaring street lamps, the huge head on the Brobdignagian shoulders, the brawny hairy hands, the shoes that might have been hewed by the woodman's axe, appeared all the more prodigious.

"How is it, my lad," said the spectral Gargantua in the gentlest tone he could assume, "that you are out alone in the town at this hour of the night? Your parents should look after you better. When you have pulled yourself up a bit I will carry you home."

To this the individual addressed made

no immediate response. He took the lantern, the door of which had closed, pressed the spring and held the light close up to his face. Then, after a pause, he said: "Look at me more nearly, my dear sir. You will observe that, had I parents I should have quite outgrown their superintending care—although as is evident growing was never my forte. In that particular you have made such progress that you must entertain a rather poor opinion of one who scarcely reaches up to your knees. But gifts are unequally divided, and it seems to me that neither of us can call the other to account. I cannot deny that I am a freak of nature, a sorry jest in which my Maker has indulged; but you—I trust I do not offend—you are also one of Nature's whims, and Truth, here as everywhere else, seems to lie in the middle. I should find it difficult to say, despite the advantage your eight feet give you, which one of us is really the better off."

This speech he made rather rapidly and with an eager expression on the wise little face, as though not at all sure how the confident tone he had assumed—despite the pit-a-pat about the left breast—would be accepted by the huge creature at his side who could so easily crush the life out of him with a mere pressure of his foot.

His fears were groundless. There was no rebuff. A silence, and then the ample chest heaved with a mighty sigh.

"You do not know me," said the large man, "otherwise however uncomfortable you may find your own skin you would not wittingly exchange for mine. But that is neither here nor there. Can I be of any service to you? Shall I see you home? Your meeting with the ill-tempered bird must have upset you."

"I am extremely obliged, but I would not have you incommode yourself on my account, my dear sir. It is true I am slightly tired; the encounter, which I very foolishly brought on myself, might have resulted disastrously for me since the old gentleman, with whom I wished to enter into a polite discourse, could not see the humor of the situation. But I am accustomed to such nocturnal adventures, and they have no further consequence than to stir up my blood

which, owing to my sedentary life, is apt to grow dull and sluggish. If agreeable to you, and you have no more pressing business, let us sit here a while longer. Allow me to introduce my diminutive self to you."

He unbuttoned his overcoat, drew from its pocket a tiny card case and extracted therefrom a small visiting card. His neighbor took it very carefully with two shapeless fingers, glanced at it and then said: "It is too dark to make out such fine writing. Will you not tell me your name? I cannot offer you one of my visiting cards; I have no use for such things. Why should I?" he added with a bitter laugh. "I make no visits; I make no new acquaintances. You are the first person in years—" A deep sigh prevented further speech.

The little optimist's spirits, however, were not to be crushed, and he chirruped forth: "Do you know that my case is exactly like yours? With the exception of the people in the house where I have lived for the past ten years, I have associated with no human soul since I came to this town. And truly I never dreamed that so high and lofty a personage as yourself would condescend to stoop to me. This card on which my name, Theodore Hinz, is engraved—and I have engraved it myself in copper, for I like to try my hand at all these little arts—is an unwarranted piece of luxury for which I have no excuse. I am by trade a wood-engraver. In my leisure hours I etch, I lithograph, I grave on steel, I do aqua-tints. So the day goes, I know not how, and I find no time for visiting, even supposing that ordinary mortals would wish to have such an oddity as I on their visiting list. But since one cannot keep well without some fresh air and a certain amount of exercise, I have accustomed myself to take my walks abroad at night. You probably know, from experience, how disagreeable it is to be gaped at from all sides and have a swarm of mischievous boys at your heels. Well, we get rid of all those things at night. And when one has led this sort of existence year in and year out this quiet, peaceful half of life is a much friendlier acquaintance, shows much more goodwill than the bold sunlight that so pitilessly

lays bare weak humanity's failings and infirmities."

He lifted his hat and raised his eyes to the cloud-chased sky, looked through the clouds, and on his face there was an expression of gratitude and resignation.

The other made no response; his elbows were dug into the mighty knees and his face deep buried between the hollowed palms.

"Yes, yes," continued the little man as he vigorously rubbed his sleeve against the glass of his lantern, "one must learn to cut one's coat according to one's cloth; that is the kernel of the whole philosophy. True, the heavenly tailor cut mine out of very scanty material, but I should not be telling the truth if I said that I shivered under it. And then what is to prevent me from growing so tall inwardly that I can reach up to the greatest and the highest; aye, from growing above this narrow world and pushing on toward the stars. You see, that's the mischief of it that an unbound duodecimo like myself must of necessity be a little coward because his measure is better adapted to the requirements of a Nürnberg toy-factory than to association with his so-called fellowmen. At first, I admit, I had a most profound respect for every watchman's shadow and every Newfoundland dog's bark, and pursued my nocturnal rambles with fear and trembling. But one day I took my courage in both hands. 'Theodore,' said I, 'if you are lacking in flesh and bone, what is to prevent you from having the bravery of the biggest clown? and then I cited a thousand and one examples from natural history of animals cast in much more delicate mold than I, who not only defended their young, but who led a very happy and frolicsome life in spite of their enemy, man, and never hesitated a moment about stealing the cherries from his trees or the sausages from his chimneys. Since then I have practised courage so vigorously that I walk in and out among these high beetling houses without a thought of fear, I avoid no adventure and, as you see, sit down and chat with a veritable giant with as stout a heart as ever beat in a Hector's bosom."



Then he became silent, seeming to feel that it was the other's turn to speak and give account of himself. But thought made no headway in the vast brain, melancholy weighed upon it and would not permit the floodgate of passionate recollection to open. At last he found speech, and though the little man made a movement as though to interrupt him, slowly withdrew his hands from his chin, let them fall heavily on his knees and said hoarsely:

"Fate tricks herself in many a shape. It is wonderful,—absolutely wonderful—"

"What is wonderful?" asked his listener.

"That fate has united us by a common bond and that we should here chance upon one another. All my life have I brooded over the idea of finding one human heart that could beat responsive to mine, could understand me; and as the years passed and no sign was given I doubted and despaired. Now I find it; it is next to me, and in such different embodiment from what I pictured it. We hardly meet before we tell one another our secret thoughts. It is marvellous—marvellous!"

Again he sank into his melancholy reflection, but suddenly he started up so wildly and fiercely that his little companion's finely-acquired courage for the moment forsook him.

"Word for word, your case is mine. Thrust aside from my fellow-men, stared at, scoffed at, cursed at, followed by the children in the street. Outlawed, excluded from the pleasant haunts of men like a malefactor who dares not face the light. One of Nature's merry humors that escaped her in a mad orgy and now stands forth in its abnormality to mock and shame her. To be doomed to a useless, aimless existence, to raise one's clinched hands to heaven and ask where dwells that merciful and gracious Father who sent this long-limbed, broad-shouldered son out into the world and then barred the way from all entrance into life's joys and consolations. Have you not wondered a thousand times how your being harmonizes with the idea of righteous justice of which this world is supposed to be a manifestation?"

The dwarf's face pictured astonishment. This new acquaintance, whose garb indicated the forester or raftsmen, giving vent in such language to this wild outburst of rage and despair, was an unexpected phenomenon. "Pardon me," he said at last, "will you not be good enough to tell me with whom I have the pleasure—"

"What difference can it make to you?" interrupted his companion hoarsely. "My name, thank God, has disappeared. It figured long enough on posters next to vile pictures of myself, and underneath notice of the entrance money for the best seats, for the inferior seats, children and those in the army half price. Can you not imagine that one would be happy to forget his name after having heard it for years screamed out by the criers at all the fairs as the name of the biggest man in the world. And then when the booth was full to have to come in and mount the stand and be stared at by stupid peasants and school-boys and nursery maids; and to keep one's feet still, not to kick out when the crowd grew venturesome, and thrust out their hands and felt my legs to see if they were made of bone and muscle and not of cotton batting with a stick in the middle. Aye, sir, that is what I had to endure for ten long years. And that is called a human existence,—to be gaped at, to do nothing, to accomplish nothing more than to be big, to wear shoes larger than the military size, and so be stared at—and admired. Oh heavenly justice!"

"True, true," said the little man with a serious nod. "I have had such thoughts many a time. Fortunately I have been spared a fate like yours. But when I used to read in the papers of the human midgets on exhibition a shudder would run through me, and I could almost feel the coarse, greedy hand lifting me on the table, and hear the showman's high pitched voice as he cried out the wonder of the living toy. From such an ordeal, as I say, my good mother and my merciful Creator saved me. Why did you yield to such a life? You are stronger than I. In your place I would have burst my iron cage like a tortured lion and found refuge in the nearest wilderness."

The big man laughed, and his laughter was not a pleasant thing to hear.

"The merciful Creator! I have been forced to the conclusion that of his bungling handiwork he is more inclined to be merciful to the small than to the large specimens. The big ones, he thinks, can make their way through the world, they have been given fists for that purpose. Though it is doubtful in my mind whether he has anything to say about the affairs entrusted to blind, unreasoning old Mother Nature. When I have reproached him—as I have many a time—for having made me a show piece and nothing else, and he answered me never a word, treating all my prayers and taunts with utter contempt, I have often thought to myself—poor being!—(if he really does exist)—perhaps he is no better off than many a human father who has a wicked wife and, for peace sake, lets her do as she chooses. If he could do as he wished, surely he would show old Dame Nature who plays such crazy pranks, that he was master. But she is too strong for him, and he must bend to her, just as my earthly father had to cringe to my mother if she but raised her finger. So you may imagine I did not exercise much free-will in that household."

"And your mother could have had the heart to—"

"Heart? Are you quite sure that she had a heart? I know not how it is with other women, and whether that which they call a heart is any thing else than a suction pump to send the blood through the veins. But of this woman who brought me into the world—"

He stopped. His great chest heaved with mighty throes, the veins on his forehead stood out dangerously, and his fist came down with a terrific blow on the stone step.

"No," he said at last breaking the silence, "the fourth commandment is absurd. Honor thy father and mother—well enough for those whose fathers and mothers are honorable and entitled to honor. Mine—they are in their graves—and, if there be a judgment-day I will not be their accuser; that is all I shall do for them, though they do not deserve even that. For from the moment they first saw me, miserable, hard-hearted

speculation consumed them. In their great, barren skulls there was not room for so much brains as to teach them their duty to their children and children's children. My father came of a family who prided themselves on their extraordinary size, but his forebears were not a worthless set; they were good, honest workers, carpenters or blacksmiths. My father proved the first exception in the family; not regarding size, for he was a larger man than my grandfather, but in his aversion to honest toil. Instead of taking his place at the anvil and swinging the iron bar he fell upon the happy expedient of making his hugeness his fortune, and so one fine day he started forth into the world and put himself on exhibition. Truly, he was very proud of the disgrace with which he was covering himself. It seemed to him not only comfortable and paying to stand on a platform and make a show of himself, but an honorable thing as well. Then, at one of the fairs he chanced upon a woman who played ball with a hundred pound weight and held a live calf on her outstretched arm; and self-interest prompted him to offer her his hand in the hope of a son who would be worth double the entrance money. His expectations were fulfilled, but he had to pay dearly for his rash act. His lazy days were over. He had to serve the woman like a beast of burden, and never a word of thanks or a kind glance in return. She despised him, for all his height, and told him to his face he was a weakling. And so he was. He had never exercised his enormous limbs, they had sufficed for his support without exercise, and he was on the bill for the large man, not the strong. Matters went from bad to worse, he took to drinking, and died one day with as little apparent cause as a hollow tree falls to the ground with never a wind to shake it from the roots. Do you think that his widow shed a tear over him? She was provided for, even after she had grown so fat that her shortness of breath prevented her walking. I was there; the dear son who had grown to be even taller than his father. Well, then, it fell to my turn to support my mother, and to that end I had to work, or rather be stared at, ten hours

a day. You are surprised at the confession. You believe that had I but wished I could have run off and worked with my grandfather at the smithy; but you must bear in mind that you never had the pleasure of an acquaintance with my mother, nor had a strong woman for your mother. Can you realize the degradation for a grown up man whose mother—but no, of that I may not speak. At one thing I am surprised, that I bore it, that I did not hang myself to the nearest tree."

Again he paused, and the little man at his side felt powerless to utter a word of sympathy in the presence of so deep, so bitter a sorrow. It began to snow, and the dwarf buttoned his overcoat closer round his throat.

"Let her rest," said the giant at last. "I have forgiven her. Besides, her last years were so miserable owing to her frightful corpulency that her bitterest foe must have felt pity for her. But she whom I have not forgiven is my old step-mother Nature, and if I could but speak to her I would tell her things—things—"

He shook his brawny fists impotently in the air.

"It is going to snow heavily to-night," he said as he rose. "It is of no consequence to me even though I have a long road before me. Such a perambulating tower as I am is not so easily covered with snow. But you, Mr. Hinze, might find the walking somewhat difficult. Let me see you home. If you are of my mind, this is not the last time we shall meet."

"It will afford me much pleasure to continue the acquaintance, Mr. Magnus," returned the little man effusively, as he tried to keep step with his companion. "The story you have told me has excited my deepest sympathy, and yet I am happy to think you have reposed such confidence in me. There is a similarity about our lives, and yet what a profound difference. I almost fear to tell you of mine, it has run in so much happier a channel, and again you will be arraigning Providence for its unrighteousness and injustice. But let us hope that compensation will come at last."

"In the hereafter? Permit me to say

that that is rather cold comfort. Even if there be a paradise, which I doubt, mind you, would I be a jot better off than here? If I am to remain as I am—and that I must if there is any meaning in the bodily resurrection—the angels in heaven will stare at monstrous me with mouths as wide as the peasants at the fairs. And even supposing that matters were made more equal up above, could all the heavenly joys make amends for the abject life I have led here below?"

"Ah, I did not mean it that way. You are young. How old are you—may I ask?"

"Thirty-two."

"Why, you are three years younger than I. Who can say what life has in store for you yet? In good time you may find a wife, buy a smithy and follow the trade of your forefathers who leu happy, contented lives."

"A wife?" cried the giant with a boisterous laugh. "Where could I find a decent woman willing to marry a monstrosity like me? And if one were to be found who reached up to my shoulder, do you think I have so little conscience that I could make her my wife, perhaps to have a son who would reproach me with: How could you have the heart, my father, to perpetuate your own misfortune? Was not life hard enough for you to bear? Had you no mercy?"

This outburst reduced the little man to silence. His stick struck the stones of the pavement more sharply, he pulled his hat further over his eyes, and gave a rasping cough as one who has to swallow a little pill and finds it worse than he expected. During the rest of the walk no word was exchanged between the two. Finally Mr. Hinze led the way into a narrow street, that served as connecting link to two of the main thoroughfares, and paused before a tall house opposite which stretched the wall and trees of one of the finest gardens in the town, though the night and the weather combined to render it, at that moment, a mere blot on the landscape.

"This is where I live," said the manikin as he drew a key from his pocket and turned his dark lantern upon the door. The key-hole was so far above his head that no stretching and straining would have enabled him to make use

of it, so to suit his Lilliputian dimensions a narrow little doorway had been contrived in the lower panel, so deftly that it was all but invisible to the casual observer.

"I regret very much, Mr. Magnus," said the little man, that I cannot invite you in; I question whether my separate entrance would suit you, and it would be hardly the thing to wake my landlord at this hour. But if you will come this way to-morrow night I will arrange it so that you can get in through the large door; though, now that I think of it, my room is in the mansard, and whether you can get up there without stooping—My landlord is by no means a tall man, and he can easily touch the roof with his hand. You'll not find it uncomfortable when you are seated, though, and it would be very good of you if you would pay me a visit. It seems to me that we have much to say to each other, and I know I have something to say to you in answer to that last bitter speech of yours, but this snow and wind are too much for me. So may I hope—"

"I will come," interrupted the big man in a harsh voice, "if you wish it. You will then have to honor my dwelling—it is a short hour from town and not very comfortable at this time of year for spoilt city folk, but I will see that you reach the place without accident. Good night, Mr. Hinze."

"Good night. Auf wiedersehen."

The dwarf opened the little door, nodded a friendly farewell, and disappeared within. The other turned slowly away, the fast-falling snow and his own mournful thoughts for company.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

From The Church Quarterly.

#### THE POETRY OF GEORGE MEREDITH.<sup>1</sup>

What distinguishes Mr. Meredith—of whose works a new and complete edition is now appearing—what distinguishes Mr. Meredith among living writers is not so much his possession of this or that quality, the intensity and variety of his sympathies, the power or peculiarity of his style; it is that in an era of talent, in an era in which we may be

said to suffer from a plethora of talent, his work is so unmistakably beyond the reach of talent, so far, too, beyond the reach of labor added to ambition and desire—it is so unmistakably the work of genius. Readers of Mr. Meredith's novels long ago discovered in him the man with the key to a new garden of romance which matched the best loved of old, to a new gallery in art whose portraits might hang unabashed beside those of the old masters. From a little clan the readers of his prose have grown into an army; but for the readers of his verse, these may even now easily be numbered. Yet it is not beyond possibility—though the Meredith of to-day's indisputably the novelist—that the Meredith of the twentieth century may be the poet. "All novels in every language," said De Quincey, "are hurrying to decay"—a judgment not without a germ of truth. Posterity, at all events, if one may venture to predict the future from the present—posterity will possess a considerable body of literature of its own, and will be necessarily impatient, as the present generation is impatient, of surplusage and bulk in the literature of the past; will do honor to the works of justest proportions, and harbor prejudices in favor of beauties apparent at first sight, and of excellence displayed in narrow ground. And in some sense poetry is excellence displayed in narrow ground, and may be regarded as prose cleared of the superfluous, transfigured prose, the sublimated essence, its precious sentiment close packed and embalmed for a long journey down the stream of time.

It cannot be said of Mr. Meredith that no writer of his century has challenged the like serious attention in the field of poetry as well as of fiction. To leave a great name—that of Scott—out of account, there are other and not inconsid-

<sup>1</sup> 1 Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth. By George Meredith. (London, 1883.)

<sup>2</sup> 2 Ballads and Poems of Tragic Life. By George Meredith. (London, 1887.)

<sup>3</sup> 3 A Reading of Earth. By George Meredith. (London, 1888.)

<sup>4</sup> 4 Poems. The Empty Purse, with Odes to the Comic Spirit, To Youth in Memory and Verses. By George Meredith. (London, 1892.)

<sup>5</sup> 5 Modern Love: a Reprint. By George Meredith. (London, 1892.)

erable rivals. But Mr. Meredith has achieved a strikingly uniform success, such a success as makes it difficult to place his prose above his poetry, or his poetry above his prose, without misgivings that the verdict may be reversed by the critical court of the later generations. One thing is indisputable and noteworthy: Mr. Meredith's verse bears a very close relationship to his prose—it supplements, reinforces, and interprets his prose. Essentially a dramatic artist, he has none the less experienced the lyrical passion for the deliverance of his own soul, and in his verse has set free his thought in his own person. It is precisely the dramatic artist entering through his imaginative sympathy into the characters and situations of his *dramatis personæ* who presents "the imaginary utterances of so many imaginary persons, not his," and suppresses himself the while; it is precisely the dramatic artist, we may naturally suppose, in whom the impulse toward self-revelation exists most strongly. He is the wide and clear-eyed spectator of life who sees and pictures it best, but is for the most part content to remain unknown behind his creations. And in Mr. Meredith's fiction, as in Shakespeare's, a persistent and impenetrable irony veils the artist himself; the author lurks undiscovered behind the humorist. So was it not with Thackeray, who steps forward ever and anon to speak in *propria persona*. So was it not with Scott, whose sympathies there is no mistaking. Shakespeare in his sonnets, the popular theory has it, laid aside the mask of humor, and "with the sonnet-key unlocked his heart." Let this be so or not, it is certain that Mr. Meredith lays aside in his verse the mask of humor worn in his novels. His poetry is more essentially serious than his prose; it is grave almost throughout; a personal utterance, the expression of the individual philosophy of the man. The reader of the novels is in contact with the dramatic artist, the spectator and student of life; the poems are the outspoken utterance of the man who is himself one of the *dramatis personæ* in personal relation with the facts of the world. Taken together, this prose and this verse constitute an autobiography

—the outlook and the inlook of life. To Mr. Meredith's poetry belongs therefore a special, because a near and personal, interest; it supplements his prose, as has been said, and stands to it somewhat in the relation of interpretative criticism. Not the ignoble curiosity which pries into the private life of an author, but a legitimate intellectual curiosity is here satisfied. One is grateful to possess the individual view of so ardent and so brilliant a student of life, especially if, as in Mr. Meredith's case, no discord is introduced into the harmony of the entire impression received from his work. The predominant note in Mr. Meredith's work as a whole, both prose and verse, is its invincible fortitude, its cheerful acceptance of things as they are. He belongs to that company of artists who have looked the world in the face, and expressed neither disappointment nor dissatisfaction therewith. In an epoch in which poets are neither few nor insignificant, Mr. Meredith shares with Browning the distinction that he has never for the briefest season dwelt in the melancholy shade. Here is poetry in which prevails no sense of sadness, no overpowering sentiment of pity for the vexed human race, no Virgilian cry with its sense of tears in mortal things, no wistful regrets, no torturing doubts. Even so interesting and so great a writer as Count Tolstoi suffers at times a sense of hopelessness to overcome him, and involves us in his own despair. But Mr. Meredith's citadel of mind and heart is impregnable, and, while he will have us see the naked truth, fortifies us for its reception. In this poetry there is ever scant sympathy dispensed for weak nerves and apprehensive hearts. Read "Earth and Man," or this "Whisper of Sympathy":

Hawk or shriek has done this deed  
Of downy feathers; rueful sight!  
Sweet sentimentalist, invite  
Your bosom's power to intercede,

So hard it seems that one must bleed  
Because another needs will bite!  
All round we see cold nature slight  
The feelings of the totter-knee'd.

O it were pleasant, with you  
To fly from this tussle of foes,



The shambles, the charnel, the wrinkle!  
To dwell in yon dribble of dew  
On the cheek of your sovereign rose,  
And live the young life of a twinkle.<sup>1</sup>

"Part of the test of a great literatus," said Whitman, "shall be the absence in him of the idea of the covert, the lurid, the maleficent, the devil, the grim estimates inherited from the Puritans, hell, natural depravity, and the like. The great literatus will be known among us by his cheerful simplicity, his adherence to natural standards, his limitless faith in God, his reverence, and by the absence in him of doubt, ennui, burlesque, persiflage, or any strained or temporary fashion."

How luminous a saying—but how shattering to the pretensions of the majority of our *literati*! The absence of doubt, ennui, burlesque, persiflage, or any strained or temporary fashion! Yet it is thus Mr. Meredith may be known among his contemporaries as the great literatus; by his cheerful simplicity, his adherence to natural standards, his limitless faith in God, and by the absence in him of doubt and ennui. And this though we have passed and are passing through times unfavorable to literature possessed of these qualities, times whose spiritual winds are chill, and whose skies grey with the greyiness of the sea in winter. Too surely the modern world is not all that it was expected to be; it has disappointed expectation, and we moderns have reaped from it a plentiful crop of discouragement. Since the Renaissance, that birthday of the modern world, brought with it a sense of buoyancy, of widening horizons, and incalculable advances, and endless triumphs for humanity, since then only a poet here and there has been a minister of hope and promised great things in a day that was not very far off. These eager spirits on the watch-towers of thought saw at times, or thought they saw, the breaking light of some great morning of the world—a light that was about to fill the heavens and orb into humanity's perfect day. Wordsworth and Coleridge had these purple visions in youth, but the disillusioning years dealt hardly with them. Shelley could not bring himself to believe that the light that filled his own soul did not

shine in the open sky. But we of the modern world do not suffer from these illusions, and the happy enthusiasts among us who put their trust in the progress of science seem also to suffer from disillusion. They are reluctantly brought to confess that while science has given liberally to humanity with one hand, she has taken away with the other. While, however, the majority of the latter-day poets have felt the absence of inspiring motives in the atmosphere of the time, Mr. Meredith breathes the keen disillusioning air without pain and without discouragement, and declares it to be spiritually bracing. The season is autumn, and the grey mist

Narrows the world to my neighbor's gate,  
Paints me life as a wheezy crone. . . .  
I, even I, for a zenith of sun  
Cry, to fulfil me, nourish my blood;  
O for a day of the long light, one!

But here is the last word:

Verily now is our season of seed,  
Now, in our Autumn; and Earth discerns  
Them that have served her in them that  
can read,  
Glassing, where under the surface, she  
burns,  
Quick at her wheel, while the fuel decays,  
Brightens the fire of renewal; and we?  
Death is the word of a bovine to-day,  
Know you the breast of the springing  
To-be?<sup>2</sup>

The majority of the poets seek refuge when the psychological climate of the times is unfavorable to poetry, the majority seek refuge in the limitless romance of the past. Not so Mr. Meredith. He is a poet of a *saeculum realisticum*, and the only romance for him is the real romance of the present, the inexhaustible romance of the future. The poetry with the passion for the past, the poetry that would hang its richly wrought arabesque in gold and purple between us and the facts of life, has here given place to the poetry with an undivided allegiance to the present, and to truth palatable or unpalatable. Goldsmith, that tender, human-hearted poet, wrote of his favorite books as being those which, amusing the imagination, contributed to ease the heart, and

<sup>1</sup> Ballads and Poems, p. 63.

<sup>2</sup> A Reading of Earth, pp. 2-4.



in another of his exquisite sentences defined the office of the poet-sage—"Innocently to amuse the imagination in this dream of life is wisdom." The wisdom of Mr. Meredith's poetry is made of sterner stuff. If we are to be cradled in comfortable philosophies, transcendental or mystical, lapped in soft Lydian airs, or borne in a car of song by the instinct of sweet music driven, we must read poetry other than this. And Mr. Meredith declines, too, the sad task in which Matthew Arnold engaged, the task of "sweeping up the dead leaves fallen from the dying tree of faith."

These are our sensual dreams;  
Of the yearning to touch, to feel  
The dark Impalpable sure  
And have the Unveiled appear:<sup>1</sup>

Poetry such as this, devoid of the sentiment of regret, devoid of that tender melancholy so characteristic of Matthew Arnold; almost devoid, too, of the sentiment of pathos; poetry which seems to shun the elegiac sentiment in which so much of the world's poetry is steeped, and by which it makes its appeal; poetry like this strikes a strange and original note. The chords to which Mr. Meredith trusts for his effects are chords seldom heard upon the lyre; his is a poetry of almost exclusively intellectual interest—the music from an iron string. It is not to be expected that this poetry should give us the full sense of vitality as Chaucer gives it, of the mere joy of living, or charm us to dreamful ease as Spenser charms.

He who has looked upon Earth  
Deeper than flower and fruit  
Loses some hue of his mirth.<sup>2</sup>

But poesy has an infancy, an adolescence, an immortality Protean. Mr. Meredith's is not the buoyant spirit of Chaucer, but the virtue of his poetry resides none the less in its astonishing vitality and in the power to communicate that vitality. To the freshness and buoyancy it possesses is added a flavor of intellectual bitter that springs from its devotion to reality, and it is by reason of its rarely mingled elements, its freshness and buoyancy, and its strenu-

ous devotion to reality that Mr. Meredith's poetry achieves a new poetic triumph.

"I am certain," said Keats of his own "Lamia," "I am certain that there is that sort of fire in it which must take hold of people in some way—give them either pleasant or unpleasant sensation." The poetry of Mr. Meredith, too, is not negligible; it has that sort of fire in it which takes hold of one, and gives him either a pleasant or unpleasant sensation. This is the verse that will not suffer a reader to pass by in peace, and, if it makes not music for him, he will, with Hotspur, prefer to hear the dry wheel grate on the axle-tree.

Square along the couch, and stark,  
Like the sea-rejected thing  
Sea-sucked white, behold their king  
Attila, my Attila! . . .  
Him, their lord of day and night,  
White, and lifting up his blood  
Dumb for vengeance. Name us that,  
Huddled in the corner dark,  
Humped and grinning like a cat,  
Teeth for lips! 'Tis she! She stares  
Glittering through her bristled hairs.  
Rend her! Pierce her to the hilt!<sup>3</sup>

Discriminating readers of Mr. Meredith's novels have no doubt felt the presence of the poet even in his garment of prose, but probably few suspect that the poet preceded the novelist. His first public appearance was with a volume, published in 1851, simply entitled "Poems," and dedicated to his father-in-law, Thomas Love Peacock. It was not until some years later that he took the field with a novel, "The Shaving of Shagpat." The second volume of poems appeared in 1862 (three years after "Richard Feverel"), "Modern Love and Poems of the English Roadside, with Poems and Ballads"; the third, "Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth," in 1883; the fourth, "Ballads and Poems of Tragic Life," in 1887; the fifth, "A Reading of Earth," in 1888; the sixth, "The Empty Purse and Other Poems," in 1892. Of these the first volume is now a rare treasure, more especially as the author has not cared to reprint his "Juvenilia," and the second contains, besides many verses never re-

<sup>1</sup> A Reading of Earth, p. 80.

<sup>2</sup> Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth, p. 30.

<sup>3</sup> Ballads and Poems of Tragic Life, p. 93.

printed, the original "Modern Love," which was selected by the author for republication as a separate volume in 1892, accompanied by some new poems.

The best order in which first to read Mr. Meredith's poetry is not, I think, the chronological order. If one begins with "A Reading of Earth," and passes to the remaining volumes by way of the "Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth," one moves more easily, receives a more continuous, a more unbroken impression, and enters at once into sympathy with the attitude of the author. And Mr. Meredith's attitude, his choice of subject, and his method require to be acquiesced in—"not to sympathize is not to understand." A poet commonly places himself *en rapport* with his audience by his choice of subject or by the adoption of a familiar method, and he is accustomed as artist to retire to a distance from his work and to contemplate its effect from a point of view not entirely his own. He has during the creative process his audience in his eye. If he is unable or unwilling to gain this remoteness from his own creation, if he declines to place himself either by choice of subject or by the adoption of a familiar method at the universal point of view, he demands an unusual intellectual activity from his readers, and wins his way with them certainly more gradually, perhaps not at all. Approval of his choice of subject, approval of his method, are not assured him until it be granted that the effect has justified the means. For a law of parsimony holds in art: the old methods are sealed by acceptance, and a new, if not successful, is an impertinence.

The *onus probandi* rests with such a poet to show good reason for his departure from accredited poetic example. The progress of Wordsworth through ridicule to fame was the progress of a poet of determined independence in choice of subject as well as in poetic methods. Yet opposition once overcome, it is the poet with the note of strangeness in his voice to whom we return—the note of strangeness is the note of individuality. In poetry, too, as in all art, there is a compromise effected, and the note of strangeness is the mark of the fresh compromise, the alteration of

balance effected by the new method, the new choice of subject. Or rather let us say that with each original poet a novel aspect of things is brought into the foreground, a new predominant purpose is displayed. With Tennyson the main purpose was to bend his language to his thought so that no verse should escape him unenriched by a musical cadence, that no arrow unfeathered with melody should leave his bow. With Mr. Meredith the main purpose is achieved if no line, no phrase escape him uninformed by force, if he discharge no shaft unwinged or unweighted with thought. Hence obscurity is the charge brought against him; he has been called an inarticulate poet, and indisputably he is at times obscure. But like Browning's. Mr. Meredith's obscurity arises out of the number and fervency of his ideas; he is obscure because he has so much to say and is in such haste to say it, and moreover insists upon his own point of view and demands from his reader that flexibility of intelligence, that intellectual activity necessary to the appreciation of an unfamiliar poetic method. And obscurity is after all the vaguest of charges. Gray was accounted obscure; Shelley intolerably obscure; Tennyson, even our popular Tennyson, in the days of his early triumphs was censured for his obscurity. And if the readers of Browning are content to travel far, and at times even with lagging step, to catch sight of splendors such as this—

I shall keep your honor safe;  
With mine I trust you, as the sculptor  
trust

Yon marble woman with the marble rose,  
Loose on her hand, she never will let fall,  
In graceful, slight, silent security.

then the readers of Mr. Meredith may well be content to undergo occasional mental fatigue for the sake of, let us say, such a magnificent "Meditation under Stars" as this—

We who reflect those rays, though low our  
place

To them are lastingly allied.  
So may we read, and little find them cold;  
Not frosty lamps illumining dead space,  
Not distant aliens, not senseless powers,  
The fire is in them whereof we are born;  
The music of their motion may be ours.

Spirit shall deem them beckoning Earth  
and voiced  
Sisterly to her, in her beams rejoiced.  
Of love, the grand impulsion we behold  
The love that lends her grace  
Among the starry fold.  
Then at new flood of customary morn.  
Look at her through her showers,  
Her mists, her streaming gold.  
A wonder edges the familiar face:  
She wears no more that robe of printed  
hours;  
Half strange seems Earth, and sweeter  
than her flowers.<sup>1</sup>

It may freely be granted that in general we have too continuous a strain, too unrelieved an emphasis in Mr. Meredith's poetry. It lacks breathing spaces, points of repose for the imagination. Once we have ascended his poetic car we are borne along at full speed, a speed that is rarely slackened until the goal be reached. Thus it comes that one cannot read for long in these volumes, as in Tennyson's; one cannot fleet the time carelessly with this poet as with Mr. William Morris. Mr. Meredith is not of the singers who simply say the most heart-easing things, who lead us to their favorite haunts by wood or stream and discourse music to us that we may drink oblivion of care and pass into a many-colored dream of flitting shadows. And if he fall short as a poet, it is that his poetry is too strenuous to be altogether peaceful, and that the impressions received from it are too crowded to permit of that leisurely slipping of the cup, that tranquil enjoyment which is essential to the due appreciation of poetry. Poetry and haste are eternal incompatibles. One cannot bolt a stanza in the five minutes' interval between engagements, nor can one find perfect happiness in the company of a poet whose pace is always a gallop. Mr. Meredith's verse has caught contagion from the hurry and the bustle of modern life. And his utterance, too, is a *staccato* utterance. It would be untrue to say of him that there was no light and shade in his conceptions, but there is often an absence of light and shade in his expression. And though Mr. Meredith conceives aright the sensuous as well as the intellectual life, his poetry

usually, though with brilliant instances to the contrary, lacks the sensuous element, usually fails to express that element as vividly as it expresses the intellectual. Language, especially the language of poetry, has an office other than that of mirroring with precision a train of ideas; it must make appeal to the senses, to the eye and to the ear, to the memory and its associations, to the imagination and its dreams. Yet this is not the day nor the hour to complain of poetry in which the intellectual element outbalances the sensuous; rather we owe to poetry of which this is true a debt of gratitude. A little thought goes far in modern verse, and the critics assure us that even that little is unnecessary. "Poetry," Mr. Henley tells us, "is style." And in Mr. Meredith's poetry the very force and intensity of his thought communicate a beauty to his phrase—the beauty that shines in strength. Take this of Byron's "Manfred"—

Considerably was the world  
Of spinsterdom and clergy racked  
When he his hinted horrors hurled,  
And she pictorially attacked.  
A duel hugeous! Tragic? Ho!  
The cities, not the mountains blow  
Such bladders; in their shapes confessed  
An after dinner's indigest.<sup>2</sup>

But we should wrong Mr. Meredith by saying that his is always the music from an iron string. That he is master of a manner besides this of rugged force is easily demonstrable. The critic will need to search diligently through English poetry to discover a poem of more blithe and gracious sweetness, more radiant with the dew and sunshine of morning, with the captivating joyance of youth than "Love in a Valley." The measure—and it may be noted that in metres Mr. Meredith greatly and successfully dares—the measure itself dances to the tripping pulses of the young blood.

Cool was the woodside; cool as her white  
dairy  
Keeping sweet the cream-pan; and there  
the boys from school,

<sup>1</sup> A Reading of Earth, p. 12.

<sup>2</sup> Ballads and Poems of Tragic Life, p. 68.

Cricketing below, rushed red and brown  
with sunshine;  
O the dark translucence of the deep-  
eyed cool!

Could I find a place to be alone with  
heaven,

I would speak my heart out: heaven is  
my need.

Every woodland tree is flushing like the  
dog-wood,

Flashing like the white beam, swaying  
like the reed.

Fushing like the dog-wood crimson in  
October;

Streaming like the flag-reed south-west  
blown;

Flashing as in gusts the sudden-lighted  
white beam;

All seem to know what is for heaven  
alone.<sup>1</sup>

Here, and in a pastoral not reprinted  
from his earliest volume, Mr. Meredith's  
verse bubbles, and creams and ripples  
from the very founts of spring and  
summer.

Come, and like bees will we gather the  
rich golden honey of noontide

Deep in the sweet summer meadows,  
bordered by hill-side and river. . . .

O joy thus to revel all day in the grass of  
our own beloved country,

Revel all day till the lark mounts at eve  
with his sweet "tirra-lirra:"

Thrilling delightfully.

The lyric beauty of poems such as these  
will recall to readers of the novels the  
passion-brimming lyrical enchantments  
woven in the "*Ferdinand and Miranda*"  
chapters of "*Richard Feverel*," beside  
which I do not know that there is any-  
thing in literature to be placed since  
"*Romeo and Juliet*" itself. In others of  
the "*Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth*"  
is heard the same clear lark-like  
trill of gladness, a music as of the early  
world untouched by human pain or sor-  
row, a song of the elements—

Water, first of singers, o'er rocky mount  
and mead,

First of earthly singers, the sun-loved  
rill

Sang of him, and flooded the ripples on the  
reed

Seeking whom to waken and what ear  
fill.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth*, p. 35.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 73.

But to enter into the true spirit of Mr.  
Meredith's poetry of nature, we must  
come to it by way of "*A Reading of  
Earth*." We are constantly assured by  
modern criticism and by the practice of  
modern poets that it is no part of the  
poet's duty to be a teacher, that the ex-  
position of belief lies altogether outside  
the province of art. Mr. Meredith  
abides by the tradition of the greater  
English poets, Spenser and Milton and  
Wordsworth, and his poetry frankly  
outlines a faith, delineates a philosophy  
of life. It is a creed of full and lasting  
"joy in the old heart of things;" but how  
hold and live by that creed in the face  
of the certain sorrows, the uncertain  
issues, the unavoidable partings of life,  
the knowledge that

The word of the world is adieu  
Her word; and the torrents are round  
The jawed wolf-waters of prey!<sup>3</sup>

To preserve for the human race during  
its dark hours the heart of hope, the  
faith that there is some soul of goodness  
in things evil, that evil itself is not im-  
mortal, and that the destiny of man is  
something more than to die, to preserve  
this heart of hope and this faith is not  
the meanest achievement of the poet.  
Yet, when this faith and this hope are  
threatened, so exclusively does the  
poetic spirit seem to feed upon the  
beauty and the pathos of life that the  
poets often offer us no more than a sad  
philosophy of indifference," or a fuller  
life of the senses, the worship of the  
flesh in despair of soul. But Mr. Mere-  
dith in this also abides by the poetic  
tradition of the greater poets and re-  
fuses to despair of soul. The resurgent  
brood of questions to which earth, our  
mother, replies not are but the brood of  
unfaith, and earth's silence argues no  
indifference to her children. Of those  
who ask them

Earth whispers they scarce have the  
thirst,

Except to unriddle a rune;

And I spin none; only show,

Would humanity soar from its worst,

Winged above darkness and dole,

How flesh unto spirit must grow.

Spirit raves not for a goal.

. . . It trusts

<sup>3</sup> *A Reading of Earth*, p. 71.

Uses my gifts yet aspires  
Dreams of a higher than it.<sup>1</sup>

In "A Faith on Trial" and in "Earth and Man" Mr. Meredith sets forth a spiritual philosophy of courageous faith, a philosophy akin in some respects to that of Wordsworth, but informed by the later spirit of scientific realism. The poet is now, as the man of the future will be, as we are all fast becoming, neither idealist nor realist, neither one nor the other, because both. If Mr. Meredith in his poetry rejects with the unalterable mien of physical science any mystical explanation of things which leaves the facts and laws of the great external world of our physical nature out of account, he rejects with equal firmness the philosophy of immediate conclusions based upon the slight and meagre knowledge we possess. Like the Christian's, Mr. Meredith's word is "Faith till proof be ready." Only when the lesson of

A fortitude quiet as Earth's  
At the shedding of leaves<sup>2</sup>

has been duly learned, only when the attitude of

unfaith clamoring to be coined  
To faith by proof

has been abandoned, can the inheritance of the children of Earth be entered upon, the children whose love is without fear, who have taken to heart Earth's counsel,

"And if thou hast good faith, it can repose,"  
She tells her son.<sup>3</sup>

The poem which stands first in the volume of "Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth" conveys a warning on the threshold to those about to enter on the inheritance, the harvest of full delight in companionship with Earth. These are enchanted woods, and the only charm that affords protection is a spirit of courageous confidence.

Enter these enchanted woods,  
You who dare,

Nothing harms beneath the leaves  
More than waves a swimmer cleaves.  
Toss your head up with the lark,  
Foot at peace with mouse and worm,  
Fair you fare.  
Only at a dread of dark  
Quaver, and they quit their form,  
Thousand eyeballs under hoods  
Have you by the hair.  
Enter these enchanted woods,  
You who dare.<sup>4</sup>

Few among Mr. Meredith's poems are more quaintly, and at the same time more powerfully, conceived than this, "The Woods of Westernmain." The very spirit of the forest is abroad in it, a mystery of life lurks in the thicket and among the leaves. With it should be read "Melampus"—

Where others hear but a hum and see but  
a beam,  
The tongue and eye of the fountain of life  
he knew.<sup>5</sup>

Here, as in all his nature-poems, Mr. Meredith moves with the firm step of one to whom the path is a familiar one; a subtle accuracy of observation shines in every epithet. There is no poet since the death of Wordsworth for whom nature has meant so much as for Mr. Meredith. From many of his poems one might conceive him as entirely preoccupied with nature, a close and eager student, to whom the world of individual men and women was little more than a shadowland. How far this is wide of the truth readers of Mr. Meredith's novels are indeed aware; and perhaps we need go no further for convincing proof, if any were needed, of the mental grasp and breadth displayed in his work, a breadth and grasp unmatched in the work of any living man. The place occupied by nature in modern poetry since the advent of Wordsworth must in large measure be associated with the growth of a knowledge of nature, and the desire for that knowledge displayed in scientific investigation. With Mr. Meredith nature is not so much, as with Wordsworth, an object of impassioned contemplation, an encompassing presence, the source of spiritual ecstasy. She is rather nature as re-

<sup>1</sup> A Reading of Earth, p. 39.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid. p. 67.

<sup>3</sup> Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth, p. 128

LIVING AGE. VOL. XV. 786

<sup>4</sup> Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth, p. 1

<sup>5</sup> Ibid. p. 83.



vealed to us by science, the eternal activity, the nature that overflows with individual life. And an enduring place among the English poets is assured to Mr. Meredith if for this alone, that he is the first to accept fearlessly the view of nature offered by modern science, and not to accept it only, but to find that view vitally poetic and inspiring. For this he will be remembered. He will be remembered and honored as that courageous spirit who, when his companions were assailed by fears, embraced with ready welcome the entire unbroken rug, the whole result of science, and, claiming this too as a province of art, drew from the new truths fresh auguries and hopes and lessons for humanity.

Mr. Meredith's study of nature is that of the naturalist, the naturalist who has become the passionate lover. He would have us believe that a closer intimacy with nature will serve to prove her

Mother of simple truth,  
Relentless quencher of lies,  
Eternal in thought,

and to dispel the unworthy apprehensions which, judging her with shrinking nerves, makes her "a cruel sphinx,"

A mother of aches and jests;  
Soulless, heading a hunt,  
Aimless except for the meal.<sup>1</sup>

She is before and above all the Earth our mother, instructress of her children; and to prate of other worlds ere we have mastered this and its lessons seems to Mr. Meredith the hugest of follies. Through the knowledge of earth, "never misread by brain," we approach a fuller consciousness of the issues and meanings of life,

Till brain-rule splendidly towers.<sup>2</sup>

Mr. Meredith is at times obscure, but he is never intangible; he is at times difficult, but he is never unreal. Sureness of grasp, concentration, force, significance—these are the splendid qualities of his style, and at times one catches an accent, a phrase, a verse exquisitely tuneful, a melody wholly his

own. How much of the poetry of talent, how much even of the poetry of genius, falls because it does not go deep enough, because it does not lay hold of reality! Mr. Meredith's poetry of nature lays firm hold of reality. Just as Browning had no fear of the real, but delighted in the uncouth, the forbidding, the extravagant natural forms—

See our fisher arrive  
And pitch down his basket before us; all  
trembling alive  
With pink and gray jellies, your sea-fruit;  
you touch the strange lumps,  
And mouths gape there, eyes open, all  
manner of horns and of humps—

so Mr. Meredith does not fear the real, and does not reserve himself to celebrate nature in

Her pomp of glorious hues,  
Her revelries of ripeness, her kind smile.<sup>3</sup>

His "cosmic enthusiasm" is without reservations, his spiritual freedom untrammelled and entire.

"The Ballads and Poems of Tragic Life" display Mr. Meredith in his characteristic, his unmistakable style, the style which is the despair of so many readers. Here are ballads, indeed, but not of that species which may be defined as the simplest and most direct form of narrative poetry. To disentangle these tales one must proceed warily, and piece each together, like a mosaic, from hints, reflections, apostrophes, and the future may not find ballads of this order acceptable. Save in "The Nuptials of Attila," the vigor of the manner hardly compensates for the harshness of the narration. But "The Nuptials of Attila" is a notable exception, a notable poem. It is not only a notable, it is an altogether marvellous and indescribable poem. To read it is to hear the tread of armies, to mingle in the tossing tumult of barbarian camps, to catch one's breath in the presence of the queen of tragedy herself. There is no poem with which it can to any purpose be compared. From first to last it displays the characteristics of Mr. Meredith at his best and strongest, and will take rank among the great achievements of mod-

<sup>1</sup> A Reading of Earth, p. 78.

<sup>2</sup> The Empty Purse, p. 28.

<sup>3</sup> Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth, p. 119.



ern verse as a *tour de force* of unique power and splendor.

The volume containing these ballads, which represent the poet in his most disdainful mood of the accepted poetical methods, represents him also in his docile mood of almost academic "correctness," content to move in familiar ways of art. The sustained magnificence of diction in "France, December, 1870," recalls the historical accents of our English speech, the English language as written by its greatest masters, as we have grown to love and hope to preserve it.

The gods alone  
Remember everlastingly; they strike  
Remorselessly, and ever like for like.  
By their great memories the gods are  
known.  
Lo, strength is of the plain root-virtues  
born;  
Strength shall ye gain by service, prove in  
scorn,  
Train by endurance, by devotion shape.  
Strength is not won by miracle or rape.  
It is the offspring of the modest years,  
The gift of sire to son, thro' those firm  
laws  
Which we name God's; which are the  
righteous cause,  
The cause of man, and manhood's minis-  
ters.

Soaring France,  
Now is Humanity on trial in thee;  
Now mayst thou gather human kind in  
fee;  
Now prove that reason is a quenchless  
scroll;  
Make of calamity thine aureole,  
And bleeding, lead us thro' the troubles  
of the sea.<sup>1</sup>

This is the English of Milton, and Southey, and Wordsworth, the English that speaks the character and power of the English race. It is evidently not because Mr. Meredith finds it beyond his power to write a simple and direct style that he indulges in the style characteristic of him. In "France," and in that remarkable series of poems entitled "Modern Love," he moves with ease and dignity within the strictest traditions of poetic diction, and if the latter exhibits any obscurities, they are cer-

<sup>1</sup> Ballads and Poems of Tragic Life, pp. 117, 119, 126.

tainly not obscurities of expression. The works of ancient art, said Sainte-Beuve, "ne sont pas classiques parce qu'ils sont vieux, mais parce qu'ils sont énergiques, frais et dispos." "Modern Love" is a series of sonnets—we may call them sonnets—modern in phrase, modern in sentiment, modern in their treatment of a subject unknown to ancient art, yet if Sainte-Beuve be right, then is Mr. Meredith, the author of "Modern Love," already a classic. On the appearance of this poem in 1862, the *Spectator* spoke of the author as dealing here with "a deep and painful subject upon which he has no convictions to express." But the aim of Mr. Meredith's art is neither to persuade nor to tranquillize. He is neither a concise doctrinaire with ready-made conclusions for his readers, nor the type of poet who affords agreeable shelter for the imagination from the strain and the stress of life. Throughout his poetry this strain and stress is exhibited; the fingers of the artist are upon the pulse of the modern world. The web and woof of Mr. Meredith's poetry is its resolute devotion to the conditions that are present, his achievement as a poet is the singular exactness with which these conditions are presented by him, and elevated to poetic rank. He has extracted inspiration from conditions which seemed incapable of supplying inspiration, which seemed hostile to it, and from the dull or commonplace or disquieting aspects of life has rescued the stimulus or interest which, properly approached and viewed by the artist, they offer. Sedatives are abundantly supplied in the poetry of our day and generation, in the poetry, for example, of Mr. William Morris; in its tonic properties consists the virtue of Mr. Meredith's poetry. It kindles energy because energy is its preponderating quality, and if he has not cared to provide for his readers the graces and harmonies to which they have grown accustomed, compensations are not wanting. Let it be granted that the familiar accessories of color and rhythm and impassioned feeling are subservient to the heart of thought. Thought is his familiar, and finds him in every mood; finds him intense and eager, finds him

pensive or lyrical, or passionate or mirthful, finds him careful or careless of his art, but is his constant, his ever-present familiar, and the wise will be willing to accept Mr. Meredith in all his moods.

If the music seem harsh or the strain a jangled one,

But listen in the thought; so may there  
come  
Conception of a newly-added chord,  
Commanding space beyond where ear has  
home.<sup>1</sup>

As to the greatness of "Modern Love" in respect of execution Mr. Swinburne may be left to speak.

Take almost any sonnet at random out of this series, and let anyone qualified to judge for himself of metre, choice of expression, and splendid language decide on its claims. And, after all, the test will be unfair except as regards metrical or pictorial merit, every section of this great progressive poem being connected with the other by links of the finest and most studied workmanship. Take, for example, that noble sonnet, beginning

We saw the swallows gathering in the  
skies,

a more perfect piece of writing no man alive has turned out; witness these three lines, the greatest perhaps of the book:

And in the largeness of the evening earth,  
Our spirit grew as we walked side by side,  
The hour became her husband and my  
bride;

but in transcription it must lose the color and effect given it by its place in the series; the grave and tender beauty, which make to it at once a bridge and a resting place between the admirable poems of passion it falls among.

It needs but to read this sonnet-sequence, or some other of the finer of Mr. Meredith's sonnets—"Lucifer in Starlight" or "The Spirit of Shakspeare"—or to recall lines like these:

In tragic life, God wot  
No villain need be! Passions spin the  
plot;  
We are betrayed by what is false within;<sup>2</sup>  
or these:

<sup>1</sup> Modern Love, p. 2.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid. p. 58.

The city of the smoky fray;  
A prodded ox, it drags and moans:  
Its Morrow no man's child; its Day  
A vulture's morsel beaked to bones;<sup>3</sup>

It needs but to read such poetry to feel that it follows the best traditions of English verse, owing its effects, not to verbal ingenuities, but to simple gravity of thought expressed in words which follow a natural order, whose music is the wholly unforced music of the greater poets.

The poetry of Mr. Meredith gives a new aim to art, and demands a new feeling for the results attained in pursuance of that aim and the altered conditions essential to it. But the lovers of the poetry of an older day will not find it impossible or even difficult to accommodate their vision to the changed surroundings. There is a sentence quoted by Professor Dowden in his essay on Edgar Quinet which seems to me to express with admirable strength and conciseness the impressions that will finally be left upon the reader of Mr. Meredith's poetry: "Each day justice has appeared to me more holy, liberty more fair, speech more sacred, art more real, reality more artistic, poetry more true, truth more poetical, nature more divine, and what is divine more natural."

<sup>3</sup> A Reading of Earth, p. 29.

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
AN UNNOTED CORNER OF SPAIN.

With the salient features of Andalusia and Castile the untravelled reader is sufficiently familiar. Without ever having left our library corner, we have no reason to be unacquainted with the old-world beauties of Seville, Granada, Cordova, Toledo, Burgos; with the newer attractions of Madrid, and even San Sebastian. These towns lie, happily, along the tourists' beaten track. We have read of them in the beautiful prose of Washington Irving, of Théophile Gautier, and of lesser writers. But of the lovely province of Galicia the untravelled reader knows comparatively nothing. He conceives Spain

in landscape to be a mingling of desert and Oriental paradise; interminable plains, bleak and tawny, bounded by majestic sierras, capped with snow, shadowed with rare blots of pine-woods, eternally empty and grand like the boundless plains; and luxuriant splendors of eastern vegetation and color, of ruby hills and palm and aloes, gardens of scarlet pomegranate and golden orange and citron, rills of running silver, bowers of cedar, magnolia, and myrtle. These are the features of ugly Castile and glowing Andalusia; the one stern and historic, the legendary land of Hero; the other warm and romantic, the voluptuous dream of imagination, the land of guitar and castanet, of love, of rhythm, of dance and dagger.

But each province of Spain has its marked individuality, by which it is separated from the rest as almost a different nation. The natives rarely say, "We are Spaniards." They express themselves: "We are Catalonians, we are Aragonese, we are Galicians," with a proud and firm resolve not to be huddled in a promiscuous and ignoble general designation, which makes them part of a race composed of so many antipathetic elements. Nothing could be more opposed in characteristics, in feature, in dress, in language, and national habits than any province of the north of Spain and any of the south. Again you must divide the northern provinces, clearly distinguishing between the very distinguishable Basques, the Catalans, the Asturians, the Leonese, and the Galicians. All these are what they call themselves, "a different people." Basque meeting Basque upon the frontier of Castile, greet as two Englishmen meeting in New York. "*Ni paisano!*" they exclaim, and impart their impressions of the Castilians as if they represented the more or less sympathetic stranger in a foreign land. Amalgamation is impossible with such striking diversity of element, where the single attribute in common is a passionate conservatism. Hence the broken history of the country; hence that lamentable and nobly tragic tale

of the war against Napoleon. Each province fought, with dogged determination to ignore the efforts of the others, its own desperate fight, sometimes with magnificent heroism, sometimes with inexplicable baseness, but always with the persistent design of separateness. Understanding so much, we read the significance of the splendid patriotism of Zaragoza, the Aragonese being a hardy, indomitable race, and the inconceivable cowardice of Valencia, the Valencians being a traitorous, a facile, a pleasure-loving people; the one, rough and unchangeable like its mountains, sombre and sullen like its river, the dark, wide Ebro; the other, flowery, evanescent, like the bloom and fruit of its smiling extent of orchard and garden, shallow like its pleasant Turia. So near by geographical lines; so afar by lines of character. One, besieged, revealing the noblest qualities of man, the other the meanest! Then talk of Spain as if the land were solely comprised of one or the other!

The province of Galicia has neither the vices nor virtues of Zaragoza and Valencia. The Galicians are less rough, less obstinate, though not less martial, than the Aragonese mountaineers, with their traditional pride and independence; less pleasing than the delightful, faithless, and money-loving Valencians. For mirth and enjoyment, along with beauty in women and luxuriance in landscape, go to mirthful and cultivated Valencia, the garden of Spain. But for grandeur, for the picturesque, for variety and the untrained loveliness of nature, go to Galicia, justly called the Switzerland of Spain. Here you have mountain passes, dusky ravines, gorgeous torrents falling foam and spray adown their rocky channels, broad river effects, grand sierras, pine and oak and chestnut woods, and sweet familiar lanes breathing of fragrant honeysuckle, of yellow broom and white heather. You have bracken and bell-heather running inland under the slim pine columns, daisies, snapdragons, and gorse, and along the road the common garden rose of every hue. Farther down the splendid coast, from

Pontevedra to Vigo, the vegetation has a yellower, more southern luxuriance. Here the vine-fields are sheets of ambered green, yellow waving like the sparkle of light through the trellised foliage. The air is thrillingly pure, and Atlantic lets in its broad stroke of violet through every break of the landscape, adding to the enchantment of its indescribable gaiety. When you are tired of the sea you have the pleasures of the forest, and these abound on all sides. Nowhere have I seen pines growing in such abundance, darkening for miles the long wide slopes of the hills; nowhere chestnuts of such magnificent girth, of a green so deep and rich, spreading such shade as to give a tropical aspect to these woods. To this the maize, with its delicate tassels, its broad, bright leaf, brings its airy, graceful charm, and fields of young plantain add their vivid smile. The lips unconsciously broaden, the eyes kindle, under the captivation of nature's joyous revelation. It would be worse than incongruous, it would almost seem a desecration of such permanent mirth, to receive here sad news from home. One has fallen into the heart of quiescent pleasure, the still satiety of the senses warmly shut in from murmuring memories; and to remember grief and care and futile industry, to dwell upon the trials and troubles of the busy world outside this Eden of blue and gold and green, would be a folly and an impertinence beyond the efforts of grateful imagination. For gratitude must ever be the feeling prompted by these delightful pauses in the smiling byways of life's rough road.

There are several ways the traveller may start his tour in Galicia. He may take ship for Santander, for Coruña, or go direct to Vigo. Or he can choose the journey thither by land should the sea not be to his taste. The Paris mail will take him as far as Venta de Baños, a dreary little junction close to Valladolid, and here he will catch from Madrid the slow Galician mail, which he can leave at Montforte, and begin his tour from the south of the province, wending at leisure up to Coruña and

along the northern coast as far as Pasaje, should fancy prompt him beyond Rivadeo, the last little coasting-town of Galicia, on the edge of the Asturias. Thus the marine coward will be spared the sufferings of a sea-voyage, though he will miss the bold beauties of a matchless shore-line that only reveal themselves in all their splendid significance of sweeping curve, of craggy scar, of grand sierra and blue bay, to the gazer from ocean's way.

But this is the route I should suggest to the lovers of the wave: Take the Paris mail as far as San Sebastian, or boat to Vigo, according to the time of year, and whether you wish Paris to be the start or termination of your journey. When you have admired the famous *concha*, the lovely shell-shaped beach of San Sebastian, and feasted your eyes on the view from the top of the hill, made your first bow in Spanish, with a musical "Gracias," and smiled a gratified smile on hearing yourself for the first time addressed as "caballero" or "señora," drive back to Pasaje. You will already have seen it from the station and found it dull and ugly. But the drive from San Sebastian will begin the mending of your opinion. Not that it is a beautiful drive, but it is so much better than the railroad. If you are lucky enough to find a boat at Pasaje for Bilbao, take it, however bad it may be, and you will thank me. Should you start from Vigo, however, and wind up your sea-travels at Pasaje, as I did, by a summer dawn, you will have still more reason for thankfulness. Was it by dawn that Lafayette gazed upon these receding shores as he sailed from this picturesque little harbor with Spanish gold to aid him in America's war against England? The houses drop into the water as they do in Venice, and moored against each wet doorstep is a boat, while three sides of the old yellow church are stained with the damp line of the ebb and flow of the tide. No fairer dream could imagination evoke than this soft twilight picture. The water is green, clear as a gem of mystic enchantment. A haggard light

gleams against the little shut casements, and the walls of the dwellings built round the bay are grey and yellow, their wet steps wandering under the waves, and the dark lines of boats pulsing against them above. So still, so silent, with the first beams of morning sending golden rays down the silver a.r., and the stars still faint in the brightening sky.

On sea you are never far from the mountainous coast, and Bilbao, with its activities, its factories and mines, its truly elegant and imposing commercial note, its long river-line covered with mighty vessels, and its handsome modern edifices, will be a surprise for the dreamer of dead romance, of cloaked and picturesque indolence, of silent, mediæval streets and forsaken plazas. If only for this surprise, Bilbao is worth seeing. Here do not look for one of the larger steamers, but seek a small Spanish trading-vessel. For a song you may have a capital cabin, kindness, good-nature, and pleasant sailor companions, and you will pay a dollar a day for good food and wine. Book for Coruña. These trading vessels stop at every out-of-the way port, run alongside the little wharfs, and offer you the occasion of seeing towns and villages not mentioned in the guide book, with less trouble and fatigue—though certainly with less excitement—than the land route. Even Bilbao will not have prepared you for the stately quays of Santander; and here you will have time to drive down to the Sardinero, the summer rival of San Sebastian, a delightful bathing-place. At first glance it wears almost a tropical aspect, owing to the illimitable stretch of burning sands and the violent contrast of bare light-brown rocks with the fierce blue of the ocean under a heaven as intense, to the hard, scant foliage and the white unshadowed roads. But there are softened nooks, bits where the rocks gleam grey against the crystal jade of the sea, and the hills throw purple shadows against the light; where green plays its bright and freshening sparkle over the harshly-toned landscape, and terraced houses

peep out of orchard bloom and blossom.

Gijón is the next halting-place. Except as an opportunity for visiting Oviedo, where a train takes you in an hour and a half at a snail's pace, I know no other reason for stopping at Gijón. It is ugly and uninteresting, but there is a quaint plaza shaped like a three-cornered hat, with an old palace-front worth examination, and the imposing statue of Childe Pelayo, the famous victor of Covadonga. Gijón was also the birthplace of Jovellanos, one of Spain's modern heroes and sages, and you may doff to an insignificant statue to him in a dusty insignificant public garden at the top of the long *corrida*, the principal street of Gijón.

The shores of Gijón are hardly out of sight when you behold the beautiful coast of Galicia. You have come forth in search of the picturesque, and you will nowhere else experience better. Hours in these irregular voyages are never to be counted on, but I wish you the luck of dropping into the exquisite harbor of Rivadeo by sunset. Red flush and orange flame send their hues over the magnificent peaks, and drop red and glimmering gold into the heart of the purple waves. The town lies white against the mountains, and the glitter of water may be seen running down the steep ravines and broken precipices of the sloping shore. Black rocks, and green gorges with the rays filtering through their underwood, and the great firth and river meeting, and hollow sandy spaces travelling like white roads inward. Opposite, another little white town, banked snugly against the wooded hills. I have forgotten its name, but it has the prettiest imaginable effect in rivalry with larger Rivadeo; and as the flushed heavens pale, and color steals out of sky and shore and sea, the empurpled peaks make heavy and massive shadows in the delicate gloom of twilight. Their darkness gives a finer radiance to the early stars, and the town lights below are yellow spots dropped tremulously among the dusky trees.



An evening may be cheerfully spent among the dark streets, the handsome squares, and thronged *alameda* of Riva-deo. When summer comes, supper is postponed till as late as half-past ten. Every one is abroad from dusk till midnight, tasting the starlit air, and conversing. These Spanish *alamedas* in old-fashioned Spanish towns, where hospitality is not practised, are the public drawing-rooms, while the plaza is the men's club. Men go to the plaza to conspire, to gamble, to curse their enemies and plot disturbance, to blacken the character of the faithless fair. They walk the *alameda* to ogle, to whisper, to ease their heart of its weight of sentimental woe, to lament, conjure, laugh, and gossip. Women go to meet their friends and foes, talk over the fashions in shrill animated tones, over the town's wrong-doings, and criticise their neighbors' clothes. Fashions and scandal are the topics of burning universal interest. The men are as deeply interested in the question of raiment as the women, and have as keen an eye for cut and texture and trimming. Give a Spanish child a lesson to learn, and however long it may have applied its mind to mastering it, nothing of it will be remembered twenty-four hours afterwards. But let that same child, so incredibly stupid in the matter of lessons, cast a single glance upon a stranger, and nothing in his or her external appearance will pass unnoticed or be forgotten years afterwards. If you wear a dress to-day in Spain, and put it by for five years, then wear it again, the smallest Spanish child will be able to remind you of the day and date of its last appearance—will be able to tell you if the trimming has been altered or the cut. The race lives by observation, not by thought. It sees everything and learns nothing.

More charming still is the indescribably quaint small town of Viveiro. I believe Borrow and myself are the only two who have visited it. The oldest inhabitant avers that I am the first foreign woman whose foot has trodden its street. The sensation my appearance created on the minute wharf and

on the brilliant market-place induces me to credit this statement. When you travel in Spain never omit to visit these delightful market-places at sunrise or thereabouts. They are entirely run by women, all smiling, gesticulating, chattering, and imperturbably good-humored. They wear kerchiefs on head and over bosom of very pronounced hues of yellow or red, sometimes hideous ones of black. I do not give them for beauties in bewitching attire, and I cannot truthfully say that I admire the most unbecoming way they tie these ugly handkerchiefs under their chins. But their cleanliness, their vividness, their sparkle, the kindly attractiveness of their universal character, the visible delight they take in serving you, in talking to you, above all, the absence of squalor, of vulgarity, of any touch of repulsiveness, so common—nay, so inevitable—with the same class in England, make a visit to these markets a joy and a refreshment. Besides, the fruit is so plentiful, so cheap. For twopence you may carry away as much of whatever fruit is in season as your arms can hold; and then how are you to discharge your debt for the good-will, the sweet service, the jokes and laughter and the dear broad smiles of the attractive Spanish peasant woman? She sends you away with a cherry between your lips and a cordial in your frame—a cordial that cannot be purchased anywhere, and is composed of the bright nothings of a morning greeting, of eyeshot charged with human loveliness, of charity and good-humor.

When the world was younger, Viveiro must have had its hour of importance. Else how explain the emblazoned and turreted arch under which you pass from the wharf to the plaza, the half-effaced escutcheons on the old forsaken dwellings along the river beyond the bridge at its mouth? It has the look of a noble sunken to tatters, but not oblivious of birth and its insistent privileges. It still has its arms to show, its towered and battlemented front, and your handsome new towns have no such romantic casements, no



such quaint old balconies, nor the appropriate matching of green lattices and dull brown stone. Then the gardens, the orchards—all mountains and valleys, an unending orchard in blossom or in fruit—the broad foliaged roads over the bridge running to an aisled perspective, the dear blue little bay begirt with sunny hills, and the wide river sweeping down the mountain-side with one splendid curve to the ocean,—who would not rest awhile at Viveiro, and muse with boat and horse, forgetting and forgotten of the busy world?

There are pretty coasting villages, too, where you stop: Sillero, where the girls in long, dark barns pack barrels of sardines that gleam like silver; and Santa Marta, beautifully bayed. These lead you by alluring interests to the first historic point of Galicia—Coruña, the place which records the noblest sacrifice hero ever made, and represents laurel-crowned defeat. You have had a glimpse of the opening of the bay of Ferrol, a remembrance à vol d'oiseau of an Italian lake, softly banked by green, sunny slopes, and far out from land is pencilled clearly the famous Torre de Hercules. This is now a very commodious lighthouse, electrically illuminated, with a handsome terrace atop where the lighthousemen may promenade in haughty survey of sea and land. The mountain-peaks are their neighbors, the stars just a little above them, and such the altitude of their daily existence that ocean itself for them loses something of its immensity, and land dwindles into insignificance. Not for lack of beauty, however, for the picture is fraught with endless charm; but everything from this great height appears engagingly small, whether you look across amethyst-tinted water, level fields, or the curves of a superb short-line. The bay is less impressive than that of Rivedo, because the mountains have diminished to low green hills with broad slips of plain between, and here and there a dusky valley or a bleak upland. There is little strange or picturesque

for the English eye, except the island fortress, San Anton, of sombre castellated grey, with light splashes of green, and, as you look beyond the metal pier, a flashing line of glass galleries.

Each house in Coruña has its glass *mirador*, with a single pane here and there set, to open on a downward slant, through which the idle woman thrusts a well-dressed head, and leans over folded arms to gaze down into the street in placid contemplation. The *mirador* is the woman's kingdom. The man has the streets and the plazas. The light, above all toward sunset, striking on these glass galleries, sends back a prism of magical hues, and sometimes it is difficult to distinguish the faces for the blinding splendors which radiate from their setting.

The town is a handsome and effective one. It has little to offer as charm for the senses, less wherewithal to arrest the antiquary, but the streets are white and clean, without a touch of dullness, San Andrés and the Calle Real such as any provincial town might be proud of—broad, bright, with a notable air of elegance. History sends you to the old Battery, now a botanical garden, unroofed, with antique windows let into the walls, blurred by wind and rain and wave beating everlastingly against the glass, where in the centre, a point of religious pilgrimage, stands the plain monument of Sir John Moore and the slab erected to the Serpent. The children play about here between school-hours, but you will often find it empty for a musing pause. Charles V. held the Cortes here once, and you may see the rough, low arch through which he embarked for Germany, called the Emperor's Gate; and on the other side, below the prison, the still ruder arch through which his son of terrible memory—Felipe II., a guest at the Franciscan monastery hard by—set sail for England and an unloved bride. But if Coruña offers meagre shelter to the wandering imagination, and lends no assistance whatever to the evocation of momentous mediæval pictures, it makes a pleasant starting-point of many a de-

lightful tour by horse or diligence—the roads hospitably open to the millionaire's carriage and to the foot of the modest pedestrian. Before crossing the slip of open sea into the lovely bay of Ferrol, you may ride or drive to Oleiros, and dream yourself contentedly among the uplands of Surrey. Onward, as you round the last spur of the hills which hides the sea from you, the note of peasant costume grows more effective. Though the jacket is short, it has not the jaunty cut of Andalusia. The long, black gaiters are of felt, closely buttoned to the knee. Between the knee and short black breeches, also closely buttoned along the thigh, are folds of spotless linen. Sometimes the breeches are of velvet or corduroy, sometimes of rough black cloth. Youth adorns itself with a red sash and such peacock plumes as a scarlet sleeveless jacket open upon the full white shirt, an outer fawn coat adorned with rows of little brass buttons, and a fawn peaked cap with a red ribbon round it. The sedater, whose days of vanity are over, content themselves with a short black jacket to match the breeches, open to display the full white shirt, and a comical black felt hat. The limbs are generally slender, the extremities small, the faces tanned and sullen, full of a boorish, uncommunicative pride. The dialect is rough and unattractive, with a twang of harsh Portuguese running through the whining, broken Spanish. Good-nature here as elsewhere is the dominant feature of local character—good-nature and a haughty off-hand antipathy to trade.

What strikes you most in all your rambles throughout Galicia is the obvious fact that all the outdoor labor is accomplished by the women. The men seem to be abroad chiefly to air their becoming attire and flick the hedges with big sticks, the cigarette ever between their lips. But the women are old and tanned and wrinkled at twenty-five, and wear nothing to catch the eye but a bright kerchief. If husband and wife move anywhere, you will see the man cheerfully smoking, with his

hands in his pockets, or gallantly flourishing the stick of leisure, and the woman beside him carrying on the top of her head all the family belongings in a big trunk. The women work in the fields, are the porters, itinerant merchants, the water-carriers and fruit-growers of the land. By sunrise they throng the markets, carry your luggage to and from train or boat, and walk behind the squealing wooden-wheeled cars drawn by wild oxen. The sound of these barbaric bucolic vehicles is only less enervating and plaintive than the *gaíta*, the bagpipe of Galicia. There is much of the Celt in the race, as well as much that is familiar to Celtic eyes in the fresh green landscape. The male is proud, vain, martial, endures hardship without complaint, despises his womenfolk, to whom he makes over all ignoble labor, treats woman frankly as a creature of inferior order and his servant, and is apt, under the influence of the coarse wine of the country and the noxious *aguardiente* (Spanish eau-de-vie), to resort to physical chastisement should she thwart him. But he is faithful and patriotic. His wife is the pick of womanhood, and Galicia is the pick of God's earth. Meanwhile, did he but know it, the female is unquestionably his better-half. Her folly is shown in longsuffering; but she is a fund of good-nature, kindly manner and energy. What activity there is is hers, and without her the rich natural resources of a land that yields two crops, two grape seasons, would be far more neglected than it is. While my lord the peasant is out upon the highways idly discoursing on politics or begging your admiration of his neat gaiters and scarlet jacket, she by dawn is out in the fields, or on her way to market with baskets of fruit and flowers and vegetables large enough to hold a family; or on her way to catch the first train and dispossess the traveller of his luggage, industriously knitting, crocheting, or embroidering as she waits.

The distractions of Coruña are few. The town is abroad, walking the *Calle Real* or the pretty public gardens along

the harbor from the late afternoon to the late supper-hour, and after that it goes to sleep. I have ventured forth and found it empty at ten o'clock. This is a local loss, for Coruña by moonlight is a town of enchantment. Its whiteness enhances the dream-like effect of moon and stars. But the Spaniards are the least sentimental or æsthetic of observers. Art, the beautiful, form no part of their lifelong reverie. They who have fashioned such exquisite things have no understanding, less reverence, of their value. And to walk, for the mere gratification of fancy, through lovely empty streets, seems to them the last note of lunacy. The theatre is very superior to anything in a town of the same rank at home. For two shillings you may enjoy a velvet arm-chair in the *parterre*. Here I saw Echegaray's last play, "*Mancha que Limpia*." It was, on the whole, not badly acted for an insignificant provincial town, and, in my opinion, the acting was on a level with the play. The Spaniards are not critical. In this they resemble the Irish. They are proud of Echegaray, who has done some good work, and some work inconceivably bad. But these dear sympathetic Spaniards can see no difference between the good and the bad. Because Echegaray wrote "*The Great Galeoto*," "*Mancha que Limpia*" must be applauded. While the first is almost great, I never held my soul in patience over more childish drivel, more twaddling gossip, than the latter.

Sometimes there is an inferior circus, where I saw an exquisitely graceful female jockey ride as I have never seen man or mortal ride before. The Rational Dress Society might be guided by her miraculous instinct in choice of raiment. Her dainty high-topped boots, her white legging revealing without impropriety or abandoned charm a matchless perfection of slim form, and a beautifully fitting yellow and brown satin and plush jacket, as long as a Louis Quinze coat, with cap to match, made a whole of bewitching effect. That she, too, was beautiful goes without saying. She remains on memory

as the single instance of a delicately refined and feminine creature, flashing a queer inexplicable poetic grace, without any trace of boldness, of vulgarity, through the malodorous atmosphere of circus and music-hall. Or you may occasionally feast your eye on Andalusian dancing. Spurious or real Sevillians come up from blest regions, and dance the *Sevillana*, most popular of dances, to the thin, abrupt, hysterical drone of their Oriental music. This dance, as indeed do all the songs of the people, ends like an unfinished phrase, upon the top of a sob, a gurgle of laughter with a sudden suggestive and dramatic gesture. Its fascination is eternal, matter of sensation, not of criticism or judgment. The Galicians seem to have added nothing to the national dances. They content themselves with the rude whining bagpipe, the *gaita*, a splendid looking instrument, with polished pipes, shining brass, and red velvet bag, bedizened with fringe and bobbins. It is spoken of as a local treasure, borne in processions with reverential tenderness, eagerly looked out for and recognized, in its preposterous assault upon eye and ear, as the harp may have been in bardic days. However, the brightest and most affecting spectacle I saw at Coruña was the departure of the troops for Cuba on the big liner, the *Maria Cristian*. Never have I seen such pronounced, almost intoxicating gaiety of sea and shore. The magnificent bay was besprinkled with colors—red and yellow, of course, the prevailing hues. Flags and banners waved, brilliant uniforms in a shock against brilliant dresses, the red and white military plumes mixing with every tint in parasol. From sunrise to sundown the music played, and people snatched odd moments for meals, for nobody seemed to be under roof all the day. A startling and pretty sight was the impetuous action of a portly, well-looking and well-dressed lady who saw a young soldier walking dejectedly alone down the pier in his travelling grey, with knapsack strapped over his shoulder. All the rest had their friends, their

*novias*, mothers, relatives, and made the usual gallant effort to look elated and full of hope. This lad had no one, and one divined he was carrying a desolate heart overseas. The handsome woman burst from her group of friends, took the boy's hand, and said, "My son has already gone to Cuba. He is in the regiment of Andalusia, and sailed two months ago. You may meet him, Pepe G—. Take this kiss to him." She leant and kissed his cheek. An English boy would have shown awkwardness, but these graceful Southerners are never at a loss for a pretty gesture and a prettier word. The boy flushed with pleasure, and still holding her hand, said, with quite a natural gallantry, without smirk or silly smile, "And may I not take one for myself as well, *señora*?" The lady reddened duskily, laughed a little nervously, and bent and kissed him again, to the frantic applause of soldiers and civilians, while the boy walked on braced and happy.

Ferrol is, if smaller, a prettier town than Coruña. Nothing more captivating than its animated aspect. The sweet-smelling, tropical public gardens, as luxuriant as an Oriental dream, where the most attractive working girls of the entire world flaunt their provocative charms in the face of admiring naval officers; the lively Calle Real, where *señoras* and *señoritas* parade until midnight in the latest resplendent fashions exaggerated with provincial fervor; the stupendous dockyards—the largest, they say, in the world; all offer you varied and irresistible attractions. Add to the excitements of shore the varied beauties of a harbor locked in like an Italian lake, with a circle of soft green hills, of old grey fortresses, and valleys shadowed with dusky ravines and woods. Beyond the dear low hills are banked the wandering range of sierras cleaving the upper and under blue in all their naked, savage, and forked majesty.

At Ferrol the traveller should take coach for Betanzos. This is a road seemingly carved through all nature's most glorious effects for a god. It

really seems impertinent that a mere mortal for a few shillings should have the right to enjoy so much. Your way is cut literally through points of exclamation. Could yonder effect of mountains be bettered? Yes; for here you have a waterfall, a white radiance of blinding beauty flailed into a broadly flowing river. There an old fortress starting out of a murmuring forest; here a change from exotic foliage to naked chasms; craggy torrents flashing in a ravenous roar into tranquil river-washed meads. North, south, east and west combine like a kaleidoscopic dream, to show you how diverse, how consistently lovely, is the face of our earth.

At Betanzos you may take the train for Montforte, and thence branch off for Pontevedra. This is an interesting old Roman town. It lies in a divine setting of landscape, and the dominant nature of its marine beauties will be accepted when I assure the reader that the five surrounding bays are said to form the most exquisite line of coast of Europe. I know nothing, as a whole, to compare with the prolonged, magnificent effects of Carril, Villagarcía, Pontevedra, Marín, terminating at the famous bay of Vigo. The bay of Carril by sunset, of Marín by dawn, of Vigo at any hour! and the witching intermediate excursions by sea, by land, by rail and coach!

Pontevedra has the air of fallen majesty. True, I can find nothing in its history to justify this air, but there is whispered mention in the beautiful ruins of a Benedictine monastery, a small Cluny, of great constables and admirals, who filled the ranks of forgotten heroes. Its delightful historic pretentiousness is equalled by an old French town, whose history also hardly justifies so much insistent mediæval splendor—Beaucaire. According to record, Beaucaire and Pontevedra claim a great deal too much. Both seem the cradles of mailed heroes, of great deeds, of imperishable hours in history. But the fragrant, sanative pine-woods outside Pontevedra have nothing to do with Gothic façades,

with granite frowns, with Roman ruins and bridges, with exquisite column and pillar and forgotten legend. Here you are in the heart of Nature at her kindest. The pines of Pontevedra are famous—so tall, so strong, so plentiful, that, alas! the natives, urged by a need of lucre, thin these grand pine-forests to supply the shipyards of England and Scotland with timber. The number of trees cut down and embarked yearly for the North is colossal. I believe, until this trade was started, the whole country was dense with wood, while now the forests lie in patches, and if the demand continues with its present ferocity, and corresponding increase of temptation, the pleasant woods of Pontevedra will rest among the glories that have been.

Along with the gratifying sights and sounds and smells of woodland, of river, and of ruin, you have the begirdling enchantment of blue surge and translucent foam. Take the steam-tram to Marin, and say then if you can better your surroundings in the most favored spots of Italy, of Greece, of Switzerland. Watch the sunset hues over the clear scalloped hills along a sky flashing iridescent flames from its rich heart. Look at the sails of the boats, white or red or brown, shot out with a fascinating unreality of outline, cut so startlingly clear in the intensified atmosphere. Stare drowsily across the liquid field of bemusing indigo, surrounded as a dream, captivating as nothing else in nature, and then give your eyes to the exquisite lines of the warm wooded slope. Here may you nod in the opium-eater's open-eyed reverie, with softness of curve to temper brilliance of color, with the dusk of the woods to tame the unabated majesty of Atlantic, with the peaceful flow of rivulet and rill through plumed and tufted crevices and crags tuning their sweet pastoral song for the indolent ears.

Or take boat for Vigo, or train through vine and plain fields, where the breath of the South steals over you like sun-spray, and you are too happy, too wrapped round with exterior love-

liness and mirth, even to find an apt quotation for the relief of surcharged feelings. Vigo itself, divinely situated and most eccentrically constructed, is not beautiful, but the bay and the coastline are of magical splendor. When you have made the turn of the harbor and racked your brain for an appropriate adjective, tired of the old ones, you may cheerfully take the train for Pontevedra, admire the other lovely harbors of Villagarcía and Carril, wander among the woods, and then face the imposing monuments of Santiago, of Compostella. It is not my design to write here of Santiago. Such majesty of architecture as that unique plaza alone calls for a corresponding gravity of treatment. The pen of learning, of research, of thrilled reverence, and several sheets of paper, are demanded for such a subject. I merely sketch the route, mentioning Santiago as the chief point of interest in Galicia. You have matter here for a week's observation, and this hardly allows of any interval for the needful periods of unwatchful ecstasy. Santiago I place among the most beautiful and distinctive towns of the world, beside Florence, Toledo, and Oxford.

From Santiago the coach-road, eight hours by diligence, takes you to Coruña, unless you have preferred at Betanzos to return to Coruña, and start thence for Santiago, Pontevedra, and Vigo, in which case you can catch the Galician mail at Montforte and travel home by land, or take the boat from Vigo.

HANNAH LYNCH.

---

From The Nineteenth Century.  
SOME REMINISCENCES OF ENGLISH  
JOURNALISM.

It is just forty years since I first entered the office of a daily newspaper, and with a boy's eager curiosity watched the various processes by which the sheet that fascinated me was produced. It was strictly as an amateur that I was ushered into that holy of holies in



journalism, the editor's room. The newspaper bewitched me, and the one life that I thought worth living was that of the journalist. It followed, that some years before I was able to set my foot upon the first rung of the ladder of the press, I had begun to haunt newspaper offices in the fashion in which the stage-struck youth haunts the theatre, and thus it comes to pass that in placing on record some reminiscences of English journalism, I am able to recall at least two-thirds of the present reign. Only one who has witnessed the steady development of the newspaper press during forty years, and who has had opportunities of watching the process from the inside, can understand how enormous is the change, how astounding the increase in power, capacity and wealth that these forty years have witnessed in the British press.

My daily newspaper of 1857 was the *Northern Daily Express*, which if not the first daily newspaper published in the English provinces, must certainly rank second in that notable category. Its price was a penny; it consisted of four pages, about the size of the *Daily Mail*, and it was looked upon by newspaper men generally as the freak of a madman. Nobody believed then that daily newspapers could be made to pay in provincial towns. Only the most sanguine believed that a penny newspaper could ever hold its own against its high-priced rivals. It is not my purpose to weary my readers with personal reminiscences or experiences, but a description of the office of the *Northern Daily Express* in the year 1857, when I first became an occasional contributor to its columns, will point the contrast between the daily paper then and now.

The *Express* was published in Newcastle-on-Tyne, its office having been removed to that town from Darlington, where it was originally started in 1855 or 1856. Two rooms and a couple of cellars below them in a small dwelling-house in West Clayton Street provided all the accommodation that was required for the production of the paper. In one of the cellars a number of compositors worked at their frames; in the other was the small single-cylinder machine on which the sheet was printed.

In the back room above there were more compositors, whilst the only remaining apartment—the front room on the ground floor—was so contrived as to pay a double debt. During the daytime it served as a publishing and advertisement office; but at six o'clock precisely the clerks departed and their place was taken by the editorial staff. At one desk was seated the sub-editor, at another the editor; in a corner behind the little counter the "reader" and his boy were engaged in their monotonous occupation, whilst the reporter found a place at the counter itself, and between the intervals of turning out "copy" received late advertisements or sold stray copies of the paper to chance customers. The journalist accustomed to the vast buildings which now serve the purpose of offices for our daily newspapers will be able to appreciate the contrast between the old days and these. It was certainly a humble spot that little room in West Clayton Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne, where the editing of the *Northern Daily Express* in all its departments was carried on; yet no journalist can afford to despise it, for it was there that the penny daily newspaper of provincial England was really launched upon the world.

Nor must it be supposed that because the workshop was a poor one the work itself was bad. The editor of those days was unquestionably a man of genius, and he could hold his own as a writer against any of his successors in the world of journalism. It was darkly rumored among the hangers-on of the establishment that Mr. M— had been invited by the editor of the *Times* to accept a post as leader-writer on that great newspaper. Perhaps the story was not true; but, at least, it is certain that if he had accepted such a position Mr. M— would not have disgraced it. His leaders, it is true, were very different from those which are now in vogue. He did not play the part of Jove and launch the thunderbolts of his dictatorial wrath against ambassadors and Cabinet ministers. A sense of the ridiculous, with which he was happily endowed, kept him from that particular kind of folly. When he wrote it was rather as the humorous philosopher.



who watched the stream of life flowing past his feet and amused himself and his readers by pointing out some of the peculiarities and weaknesses of those who were struggling in the current. He generally began his leader with a story. It was almost always a good one. When you had read it you were in a good temper with the writer and quite disposed to acquiesce in the "application" with which, after the manner of the preacher, he followed his text. It was very seldom that he wrote upon what might be called a red-hot subject. He made no attempt to keep pace with the telegraphic news even in those days, when telegrams themselves were not particularly expeditious. A subject a week old seemed to him to be quite as good as one that had been flashed upon him within the hour. Nay, so completely did he differ from the journalist of to-day that he would lay a subject on one side for half a week at a stretch, in order that he might, as he expressed it, "steep his mind in it" before he attempted to discuss it in public. When he did discuss it you had the work of a scholar, a humorist, and an original thinker, turned out with as much regard to form as to substance. My editor was, in short, an essayist who would have prospered in the times of Addison and Steele. As I think of him, and contrast his brilliant little dissertations, with their polished epigrams and sub-current of scholarship, with the rough and ready "leading article" of 1897, I am filled with amazement—tinged with regret. What leisure has the editor of to-day for wit or scholarship, or the mere polishing of phrases?

In this my first newspaper office, and in the rival office in which a few years later I began my actual apprenticeship to journalism, the mechanical appliances in use differed wonderfully from those which are now employed in producing our daily newspapers. The machines upon which the impression of the day was printed turned off from six hundred to one thousand copies an hour, printed on one side only. Every sheet had therefore to be passed through the machine a second time, and the production of a large edition was practically impossible. It was considered a great

thing when Mr. Hoe introduced to us his wonderful three, four, six, and even ten-feeder rotary machines, by which the number of copies that could be printed within the hour was multiplied tenfold. These machines are now as hopelessly out of date in the great newspaper offices as the old Napier press itself. Nevertheless one must always think of them as the most imposing of all the printing presses which have assisted in the advance of journalism. A great Hoe machine of thirty years ago was like a castle or a man-of-war. The vast size, the number of men and boys clustered upon its various stages and engaged in feeding and delivering, the roar and rush of its wheels and rollers, made a great impression upon those who saw it at work. It seemed at that time that human ingenuity had reached its highest point in the provision of a fast-printing newspaper press. "Nothing can touch the Hoe!" was the exulting cry of newspaper managers in the sixties. Yet hardly had the seventies been ushered in before the Hoe was practically obsolete. A method of stereotyping the "forms" of movable type had been discovered which could be applied even to such rapid work as that of the daily press. A clever Belgian, if I remember aright, had found a compound of metals which could be hardened from a state of absolute fluidity in a few moments, so that ten minutes after a casting had been taken it was possible to print from it. This stereotyping had several advantages. First, it made it possible to use more than one machine in printing the same sheet, so that by multiplying the machines the number of copies printed in the hour could be increased in the same ratio. Still more important, however, was the fact that the stereotype plate, being of solid metal, could be bent to any curve, and could thus be fitted upon a cylinder of any diameter. It was this which gave its real value to the process of stereotyping. A number of ingenious mechanics, including Hoe himself, at once set to work to produce a printing machine of a new class, in which the stereotype plates should be made to revolve upon a roller at any rate of speed that might be desired. In a few years

we had in succession the Walter, the Hoe, and the Victory web-printing machines, and it is by machines of this class that our daily newspapers are now produced. Without tormenting my readers with figures, I will explain what these machines can do. A "reel" of paper, perhaps a quarter of a mile in length, is "fed" into the machines with extraordinary rapidity; the machine prints it, cuts each successive copy of the paper from the long roll, folds it and delivers it complete at a rate varying from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand copies an hour. Nor is this all. If the newspaper consists, say, of ten pages instead of eight, the additional two pages are printed simultaneously from another reel, and are inserted at their proper place and actually gummed into the newspaper by those marvellous machines without any diminution of the speed! The machine does it all, be it remembered. No human hand touches the paper whilst it is going through these processes. There is the blank roll of paper at one end of the machine, whilst at the other end the complete journal, with its burden of news and thought, is being delivered, folded as when it reaches your breakfast-table, at the rate of speed I have mentioned.

When I became editor of the *Leeds Mercury*, in 1870, there was a stalwart old man still employed on that journal who in former days had pulled the hand-press upon which the whole impression of the paper was printed. Before I retired from my editorship, in 1887, four or five of these marvellous web-printing machines were required to do the work which, in his youth, this old man had accomplished by himself. Without the invention of these machines, and the means they afford for the unlimited multiplication of the printed copies of a newspaper within the shortest possible space of time, the newspaper press could never have attained its present position in the world. It is not, therefore, to the mere journalist that the credit for the expansion of modern journalism alone belongs. That credit must be shared with him by the mechanic and the engineer.

Forty years ago, and even later, our newspapers, even the best of them, gave

us the news of the day before yesterday. To-day it is with yesterday's news only that they concern themselves; whilst the evening newspapers, which in the last ten years have played so prominent a part in journalism, keep still closer in the race to flying time, and deal only with the events of the last twelve hours. This means, of course, that the telegraph has come into the full service of the press. For many years after the electric telegraph had been established this was not the case. Newspaper proprietors did not trust it. They disliked its costliness, and they had good reason to question its accuracy. If a prime minister or some one in a corresponding position had to make a great speech in a provincial town in the early sixties, the London newspapers sent their own reporters to take notes of the speech, and either waited to publish it *verbatim* on the second day after its delivery, or employed a special train to carry the reporters back to town with the speech in time for its publication the next morning. Special trains were indeed greatly in vogue with enterprising newspapers thirty years ago. But in 1870 the government acquired the telegraphs, and forthwith there began a new era. Cheap rates of telegraphing were accorded to the press, wonderful new instruments for transmitting messages at a speed never dreamt of before were introduced, and "special wires" were leased both to London and provincial newspapers on favorable terms. What this meant will be seen from a single fact. A daily provincial newspaper which in 1870 published on an average less than half a column of telegraphic news in each impression, seven years later published regularly a minimum of twelve columns of news received by telegraph. The great provincial newspapers were thus enabled to compete on something like equal terms with the London dailies. They had their branch offices in Fleet Street, connected with the central office in Glasgow or Leeds by special wires; they had their sub-editors and reporters in town, and their representatives in the Press Gallery in the House of Commons. In short, between 1870 and 1873 the provincial press invaded London, and acquired a foot-

hold there from which it is never likely to be displaced. One result of this change in the conditions of provincial journalism was very notable. Prior to 1870 the editor of a daily newspaper published in the country never thought of commenting upon any of the great questions of the day until he had seen what the London newspapers had to say upon the subject. This rule was so inflexible that even when a ministerial crisis occurred, and the government was defeated by a parliamentary vote, no provincial daily ventured to discuss the event until after the editor had seen the comments of the London journals. But in 1870 all this was changed by the necessities of the time. The telegraphic news reached Leeds or Edinburgh in sufficient time to allow the editor, if he chose, to comment upon it in the copy of the paper in which it was printed. His old days of leisure were at an end. He could no longer stroll down to his office in the early afternoon, glance through the London newspapers of the morning, pen an article upon some subject which had been duly discussed by the metropolitan press, and then go home to his dinner with the happy consciousness that his work was over for the day. By invading London in search of special news he had become the rival, and could therefore no longer afford to remain a mere copyist of the London press. Thus it came about that the provincial press acquired a new standpoint, and new influences in the counsels of the nation. Its utterances, whether wise or foolish, were no longer mere echoes; they were its own.

The London press was not slow to respond to this new rivalry on the part of the provinces. Though its conductors still professed to despise provincial enterprise, they were not so foolish as to refuse to follow the example thus set them. The special wires which connected the great country newspapers with London were followed by other special wires which connected the London dailies with Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and even in the case of the *Times* with Calcutta. It cannot be necessary to impress upon the reader the wonderful excellence of the service of foreign news which is now provided for him in the

great London newspapers. Let him look at the page in his *Times* of this morning—of any morning—which is devoted to foreign telegrams, and think of the capital, the enterprise, the brains and the labor that have gone to produce it. Sixty years ago it would have baffled the wealth of the Rothschilds and the brain of Shakespeare to bring such a service of news as this into existence. Now we accept it, morning by morning, without a word of recognition. Yet that page is an open window through which the stay-at-home reader is permitted to see for himself what is happening in the most distant quarters of the world. Nor has the *Times* any monopoly of the improvement in the supply of foreign news which has been so marked a feature in the recent development of the press. Thanks to Reuter, there is not a provincial newspaper in England which does not supply better telegraphic news from abroad than could be found thirty years ago in any newspaper in the world.

The reader will, I fear, begin to weary of the laudatory strain in which I have spoken so far of the great changes that have been witnessed in journalism within my own experience of the press. But it is the simple truth that has been told him. By the improvement of printing machines, by the development of the telegraphic system, and by the invention of telephones and pneumatic tubes (both of which are largely used in newspaper offices), the newspapers of our country have within forty years undergone a wonderful transformation, and have become infinitely more serviceable as purveyors of intelligence from all parts of the world than they ever were before. The American press runs them hard, it is true, in these matters; in some respects it has outstripped them. But taken as a whole, and regarding not merely the fulness and freshness but the trustworthiness of the news which our papers bring to us from every corner of the world, one may say without fear of contradiction that they occupy a position of unrivalled supremacy in contemporary journalism.

There are other sides, however, to my subject, and in dealing with them a tone of unqualified laudation is no longer

possible. The contrast I have already noted between the leading articles of my first editor, Mr. M—, and those of the ordinary journalist of to-day is eminently characteristic of one of the changes which the press has witnessed during the present reign. In its eager desire to present its readers with the freshest news, red-hot from the forge of destiny, it has sacrificed all desire for literary excellence of form. But something more than mere literary form is sacrificed by this haste. An article that is written on the spur of the moment, having for its text a telegram that has suddenly made known, in the barest words, a change of policy of far-reaching importance on the part of some foreign power, for example, cannot, in the nature of things, possess much real value. There are, of course, subjects upon which first thoughts are just as valuable as any after-thoughts can be. But there are others upon which the first obvious reflections of the leader-writer can hardly fail to be almost grotesquely wide of the mark. Nowadays, however, the newspaper must deal with the latest topic of the day, without regard to insufficiency of information, or to complications which make it impossible to form an accurate judgment of the bearings of the question without close and careful study. The misfortune is that the public does not realize the very slight materials on which the first slap-dash leading article on some startling piece of news has been founded, and does not see that the article itself is little more than the first hasty impressions of a clever man of letters, writing on a subject which he has not been allowed time to "think out." This vice of hasty work has in recent years been extended to book reviewing in our daily papers. An important work, published, say, in two large octavo volumes, is sent out by the publisher at six o'clock in the evening. Next morning the daily paper will contain what purports to be a criticism of the book extending to two or three columns. Real criticism under such conditions is obviously impossible.

Just as the leading articles in the press of to-day have ceased to be essays, and have become much more like speeches,

in which if the forcibleness of a speech is not wanting, its looseness of phrase and occasional haziness of thought are also to be found, so in its descriptive writing it has completely changed its style, and changed it mainly for the worse. Thirty or forty years ago, when any great spectacle was offered to the world, be it a battle or a coronation, an international prize-fight or the union of two continents by means of the electric cable, our leading newspapers gave us an account of it which it was a pleasure to read. The art of descriptive writing had then been brought to its highest point, and such men as Dr. Howard Russell and the late Nicholas Wood had shown that the pen could present almost as graphic and realistic a picture of a pageant or a physical catastrophe as the brush of the artist or the camera of the photographer. In those days even the *Times* did not think it beneath its dignity to give us once a year a spirited picture of Epsom Downs on the Derby Day. I do not say that this particular thing was in itself worth doing; but the fact remains that it was done, and done with as much care as though the descriptive writer had been penning a chapter of Macaulay's "History" or of "Bleak House."

All this has been changed under the new journalism. Descriptive writing of the old school is now unknown, and the hapless descriptive writer who once was so important a member of the staff of every great newspaper is now one of the unemployed. He may occasionally succeed in getting a bit of his characteristic work into one of the monthly magazines, but the newspapers will have none of it, the editors clearly believing that their readers are too busy to be troubled with artistic descriptions of anything. If this were the only change that had taken place there would be little ground for complaint. But unfortunately in too many instances, whilst the old descriptive writer has been dismissed, his place has been taken by the new journalist—that is to say, by a man or woman who believes that his or her own personality is a subject of supreme interest to the world at large, and who insists upon thrusting it upon the reader, who merely wishes to know how

a royal procession looked as it passed along the streets, or in what style a particular horse has won the Derby. The new journalist when writing his account of a ceremony talks as much about himself as about the event he has to describe. And his talk is too often such foolish, purposeless egotism. He tells you of his disagreement with his landlady in the morning on the subject of the blacking of his boots, of his conversation with the crossing-sweeper or omnibus conductor whom he encountered by the way. He introduces you to his friends, real or imaginary, and invites you to join them in the various adventures through which they pass in attending the royal procession or the race for the Derby. This is the fashion in which the new descriptive writer performs his task, and an old fashioned journalist must ask to be forgiven if he fails to appreciate it. Frankly, I cannot imagine that the ordinary reader when he turns to the report of some public function or some great accident desires to be taken into the confidence of the reporter, and to be enlightened about his deeds and ideas rather than about the subject of which this very self-sufficient gentleman is supposed to be writing.

This, however, is only one of the features of that egotism of the press of which we see so much more nowadays than we did formerly. Some journalists may regard the fact that the personality of the newspaper man bulks so much more largely in the press than it used to do as proof of the increased importance of the part he plays in the world. Without denying the fact that his importance has increased, I own that I wish he could impress this truth upon us in a pleasanter fashion. The old reporter or descriptive writer or political critic had his faults, but at least he believed it to be his duty to stick to his text and to refrain from thrusting himself and his special likes and dislikes upon the attention of his readers.

No more striking change has taken place in the position of the press during the last thirty or forty years than that which has occurred in its relations with Parliament and with political parties. When I first went into the Reporter's

Gallery of the House of Commons, in 1867, the men in the gallery were cut off by a gulf that seemed to be absolutely impassable from the members of the House. Those were much simpler and less ceremonious days than the present. As a member of "the gallery," I had the free run of the inner lobby, and could enter it whenever I wished, even when attended by a batch of country cousins who wanted to see our political leaders at close quarters. But in those days the idea of "lobbying" was absolutely unknown. No newspaper man—except one or two editors of London dailies and the head of the *Times* reporting staff—ever thought of accosting a member of Parliament or of questioning him upon any matter of public interest. Parliament and the press had each its own sphere, and stuck to it rigidly. I remember the case of an innocent youth who, on the very first night on which he sat in the gallery, had the misfortune to be addressed by a member of Parliament who was one of his own personal friends. He was forthwith warned by the Nestors of the Fourth Estate that such conduct on his part was "bad form," and must not be repeated if he wished to stand well with his colleagues. The newspaper men of those days respected the members of the House and had no wish to intrude upon them. But, on the other hand, they respected themselves, and honestly desired to be left alone, even by their superiors. They resented patronage and personal influence fiercely, and were bitter in their contempt towards those journalists whom they suspected of being susceptible to either. "Where did you hear that?" asked a man in the gallery in my hearing of one of his colleagues. "I heard it at the Reform Club!" was the answer, given meekly. "At the Reform Club! Oh, I see; from the hall porter!" was the savage retort. The last thing that the newspaper man of those days—the predecessor of the modern lobbyist—desired to obtrude was his personal acquaintance with the politicians whose speeches he reported and criticized.

If I mistake not, lobbying, like so many other features of the press of today, was introduced by the provincial



newspapers. The "local member" was anxious to see himself represented in the local journal, and as there were many matters of importance to his own constituents to which the London newspapers paid no attention, he naturally sought the aid of the correspondents and representatives of the papers published in his own locality. The more intelligent of these correspondents did not long confine their attention to purely local questions. They sought information from the members for whose constituents they wrote on larger matters of public interest. It followed that for several years the earliest and most authentic political news was to be found in certain great provincial newspapers. Men turned to the London correspondence of the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Scotsman*, or the *Leeds Mercury* in order to see what was happening behind the scenes in Parliament. These London correspondents were the first lobbyists in the House of Commons. By-and-by some of the London papers began to realize the fact that there was a rich mine of information to be worked in the lobby, and at last even the *Times*, despite its regard for old traditions, boldly set up a lobby correspondent of its own. Thus was brought about one of the most remarkable and revolutionary of the developments which the press has undergone during the present reign. I leave it for the older members of the House of Commons to say whether the change has been wholly for the public good.

There is something worse than the egotism of the journalist. This is his *wegotism*—if I may adopt a word invented, I believe, by Sir William Harcourt. The journalist who, by virtue of his command of the "We," thunders forth his decrees as though he were throned upon Mount Sinai is only too familiar an object in modern journalism. But he is by no means so new a figure as people are apt to suppose. He was known forty or fifty years ago. At that time, however, he was essentially provincial. It was the *Skibbereen Eagle* which cried "Let Lord Palmerston beware! Our eye is upon him." It was the *Little Peddlington Gazette* that dealt with Lord John Russell in the faithful

style in which a schoolmaster deals with an erring pupil. In those days men used to laugh at these delightful flights of the editorial imagination. It never entered into our minds to suppose that we should live to see the day when these provincial braggarts would find their imitators in the editors of London daily newspapers.

Yet it would be folly to deny that there is more foundation for this kind of bragging now than there was in the old days of the *Skibbereen Eagle*. The power of the press is recognized far more freely and more openly than it ever was before, and its influence upon political affairs is unquestionably more direct than at any previous period in its history. Not that it is a new thing for statesmen to work in combination with the newspapers. Minister and journalist have always acted together; but until recently their co-operation was concealed from the world at large. In the later fifties and the early sixties, when Lord Palmerston resided at Cambridge House, Piccadilly, now the home of the Naval and Military Club, Lady Palmerston used to hold a reception almost every Saturday evening during the season. The whole political world was wont to gather in her *salon*—the last of its class. Mr. Delane, the distinguished editor of the *Times*, was a regular visitor at Cambridge House, and the initiated in those days used to turn to the first leading article in the *Times* on Monday morning, in order to get the earliest information of any political change of importance that was impending. Not seldom was their curiosity gratified. But the astute editor never pretended to have any special knowledge; nor did he ever thump the big drum and order ministers to do his bidding. His habit was to suggest that in certain contingencies a particular course was that which it would be well for the government to adopt. The paper proffered its advice with every appearance of deference. Its reward, so far as the outside world was concerned, was to be found in the fact that ministers seemed to have accepted the recommendation thus tendered to them. But the initiated knew that the advice was only given because a hint had been dropped at



Cambridge House, and the editor had undertaken to pave the way for the new departure on the part of ministers. The relations between journalist and statesman in those days were probably as close and confidential as they have ever been since; but they were decorously veiled from the public eye, and when Richard Cobden, greatly daring, alluded in public to Mr. Delane's presence in the *salons* of Cambridge House, he was sternly rebuked for outraging the sanctity of private life.

To-day our journalist tells us in the plainest English that he has just been talking with this right honorable gentleman or the other, and has learned from him some fact closely affecting his own department or the policy of the ministry of which he is a member. There is no resort to roundabout phrases in order to conceal the identity of the journalist's informant. The conversation which may have been whispered in the lobby at Westminster is forthwith proclaimed from the house-tops of Fleet Street. And while the lobbyist deals in this frank fashion with his sources of information, the editor is even more unceremonious. As "the high priest of King Demos," he treats the statesman as a subordinate whose duty it is to obey the will of his master, as that will is interpreted by the journalist. There is no trace now of the deferential air with which Mr. Delane in the old days tendered his advice to a minister in perplexity. No priesthood was ever more arrogant than this priesthood of the press.

It may be all for the best. The aggressiveness and apparent vanity of the modern newspaper may simply be the inevitable outcome of its changed position in the world, its changed relationship to society and the state. But journalists of the older school must be excused if they fail to appreciate the chief features of the new journalism—its brusqueness, its personality, its familiarity, and the extraordinary air of superior wisdom with which it treats all who come within its purview. It would be unfair to say that the new journalists must bear the whole responsibility for this change in the attitude of the press towards the public. The public has chosen to accept the news-

paper in this new light, and the journalist is not to be blamed for profiting by that acceptance. How can he be expected to set a lower value upon his office and its functions than that at which they are appraised by so many eminent persons, eager to make use of them for their own advancement?

But if among the many changes which have occurred in the newspaper world during the period under review, there are some to which old-fashioned journalists find it difficult to reconcile themselves, there is happily one point as to which there can be no dispute. The newspaper press of to-day is not only better informed and better equipped for the discussion of public affairs than was the press of forty years ago; it is also far more earnest and sincere. The old idea of the journalist as a bravo, whose pen was to be bought for any cause or by any individual, is now utterly exploded. The modern newspaperman not only has views of his own, but is at least as resolute in maintaining them and in asserting his own consistency as any ordinary politician. Even when he urges his cause with what some may deem undue heat and zeal, his sincerity is beyond dispute, and he only speaks with warmth from the strength of his convictions. Nor can it be disputed that journalism as a profession is drawing to it a band of recruits who bid fair to prove themselves worthy of the extended power and influence which the press now claims. As I lay down my pen, I recall a score of friends whom I knew in bygone days, who lived for the profession they adorned and who died in its ranks. In no class of society have I ever met men more worthy of an unlimited trust and affection. It is pleasant to think that as the old generation passes away a new one is taking its place, and that this new generation seems likely to prove at least not less worthy of its vocation than that which preceded it.

WENTISS REID.

---

From The National Review.  
EUROPE'S NEW INVALID.

To clearly understand the political Spain of to-day it is expedient to take,

at least, a cursory view of the more recent causes of its national decadence. A century has passed since Spain, by any act of its own, has either menaced the balance of power in Europe or has been taken into account in the European concert of nations for the maintenance of peace. Since that period it has been too much distracted by the invader and by five separatist movements in Cuba, two insurrections in the Philippine Islands, two Carlist wars, the Morocco war, the deposition and restoration of a monarch, the Melilla outbreak, and numerous military "pronunciamientos" to have been in a condition to put its spoke in the wheel of political Europe. Spain has undoubtedly advanced theoretically in its form of government. It has, this century, rid itself of its Godoy and the host of similar court intriguers and policy-framers whose baneful influence has been superseded by a nominal suffrage. It has its Senate and its Chamber of Deputies, with two Prime Ministers who alternately take their innings. The Cortes de Cádiz of 1812 may be compared to our Runnymede Council of 1215. Their resolutions were the keystone of Spanish modern liberty and a death-blow to despotism.

But it is a feature in Spanish character to step over the traces of written laws and regulations if possible. A minister or high official who has an appointment at his disposal usually looks more to his own advancement than to the interests of his party, or the merits of the applicants, in its bestowal. Personal excellence stands for little in Spain. All that is worth having is more easily attained by intrigue, bribery, or a *quid pro quo* in some sense than the sterling qualities of the solicitant. Hence an office-seeker would have little chance of success if he urged his suit in a straightforward manner on the worth of his individual capacity, or his rights as a citizen; he would beat up his acquaintances in search of "recommendations" and "influences" to secure the preferment. Individual egotism and envy stand in the way of national progress. Appointments are more fre-

quently made for the advantage of "self" than for the benefit of the commonweal. I remember, for instance, a most remarkable case of a man, who had been a furniture maker and joiner, being appointed to the post of chief administrator of a department in Manila at a salary of \$4,000 a year. He left a pretty wife in Spain, and his influential "protector" had a keen eye for feminine beauty. The joiner arrived in Manila, and was introduced to the native permanent staff, who politely showed him his *table*. The new chief examined the top, the bottom, and the legs of the piece of furniture, and pronounced it very good work. The head clerk again reminded him that it was his "*mesa*"—his official bureau where the documents of the department requiring his signature would be placed before him. At length the duties of his new post dawned upon him, and he signed all that came under his pen. It would have taken him half an hour to read through one document of the hundred, so he authorized anything and everything without investigation or comment. He signed so much that he got himself into serious trouble; then he begged an audience of the Governor-General and asked to be allowed to resign. "You are appointed from Madrid," said the general, "but I have little doubt about your resignation being confirmed, so I provisionally accept it; but what do you propose to do?" "May it please your excellency, I am a joiner and furniture maker," was the reply, "and would solicit your support as I am going to start business in my own line. The general gave him an order to furnish the Government House throughout, and he opened his shops in the Calle San Jacinto, where he worked for many years.

A Civil Service exists in a certain sense, that is to say that a man who, by hook or by crook, has been once appointed to a government berth has always some grounds on which to solicit another. It is not an exclusive service. Anyone—an artisan—a shopkeeper—a nothing-at-all of good family is eligible if he can only "catch the eye" of the

man in power with the right "influences," or the consideration of a discount on the salary. Hundreds go out to Cuba and the Philippine Islands on this last condition, against which they cannot demur, for, if they did, the same influence which virtually appointed would cause the *cesantia* (cessation of office) to be cabled out. No civil service examinations are held, and no special personal qualification is necessary for a colonial appointment in the Far East or the Far West. Of the hundreds of officials whom I have known not one had the most elementary notion of Tagalog or Visaya (the native languages of the Philippine Islands) at the time of their appointment, and not one in fifty took the trouble to learn either languages afterwards. Why should they? They are here to-day, in another colony next year, and finally sunning themselves in the *Puerta del Sol* in Madrid waiting for the new favorites who have superseded them to be, in turn, shifted by their "protectors."

Spaniards are not instinctively an industrial people, and except perhaps in Biscay and Barcelona they would scorn the idea of being a "nation of shopkeepers" in the present accepted sense of the phrase. The majority regard the State as a milch cow to which they are always looking for sustenance. But as the supply is limited, thousands give up in despair. Hence, a few weeks ago, we had the dire spectacle of poverty in Alora, Lucena, Murcia, Malaga, and many other places—thousands loudly clamouring for the necessaries of life, not to speak of the other thousands who yield to their lot of misery in silence. On the forced abdication of Queen Isabella II., General Juan Prim, the Dictator, complained to a foreign reporter that his most arduous task was the examination of the daily shoal of petitions from place-hunters. He further declared that even in his temporary refuge at Maida Vale, London, he was not altogether free of insinuating declarations of "adhesion." In recent years no general appointed abroad has ever been allowed to do his duty without being assailed on all sides by

those who have counter-interests, or envy the position he holds. General Camilo Polavieja had been hardly three months in the Philippine Islands to suppress the present rebellion when he was violently attacked in public print. He had asked for more troops to garrison the places he conquered and was refused. When he afterwards cabled that he was physically incapable of continuing the commandship-in-chief, his enemies put forward the public accusation in interrogatory form—did he wish to resign on account of ill-health, or did he resent the refusal to send out more troops? and the public journals hostile to him were full of the hypothetical falsity. Having been superseded at his own request, General Fernando Primo de Rivera was sent out in his stead. Polavieja left Manila for Spain on the fifteenth of April. During the few days prior to his arrival at Barcelona the papers were full of the reasons why he should and why he should not be received with ovation. The organ which most enthusiastically advocated his being welcomed as befitted a conquering hero of the nineteenth century was *El Imparcial*. His enemies took up the note, denounced him as the representative of the old theocratic régime which flourished prior to the constitution, the prototype of the modern retrogressists and a dangerous politician. In *El Liberal* of the eleventh of May Señor Ordax Avelilla, representative of the Red Cross Society, is reported to have said at the Madrid Mercantile Club in his speech on General Polavieja: "If he (the general) thought of becoming dictator, he would fall from the height of his glory to the Hades of nonentity." But by far the most scathing satire is to be found in the article of *El País* of the tenth May, entitled, "The Great Farce." It says: "Do you know who is coming? Cyrus, King of Persia; Alexander, King of Macedonia; Cæsar Augustus Scipion, the African; Gonzalo de Córdoba; Napoleon, the great Napoleon, conqueror of worlds. What? Oh! unfortunate people, do you not know? Polavieja is coming, the incomparable Polavieja, crowned with laurels, com-

manding a fleet laden to the brim with rich trophies; it is Polavieja, gentlemen, who returns, discoverer of new worlds, to lay at the feet of Isabella the Catholic his conquering sword; it is Polavieja who returns after having cast into obscurity the glories of Hernán Cortés; Polavieja, who has widened the national map and brings new territories to the realm—new thrones to his queen. What can the people be thinking of that they remain thus in silence? Applaud! Imbeciles. It is Narvaez who has resuscitated. Now we have another master!" It was a cruel imputation on a man who had honestly risen from the ranks to be a lieutenant-general. Often entrusted with military missions which could not be divested of their political character, he could hardly abstain from holding certain opinions on public affairs, but, outside his legitimate sphere, he never took any active part in their resolution. Moreover, there is not a single Spanish general who is not affiliated to some political party or the other. Poor Polavieja landed in Barcelona on the thirteenth of May, amidst the acclamations of an admiring populace, a physical wreck. Almost blind, his very features changed by the ravages of a diseased liver, he brought a ghastly proof of devotion to his country's welfare which his worst detractors had not the courage to deny. Where could be the dream of dictatorship, or the political danger? Only in the fertile imagination of party opponents. Nor was his predecessor, General Ramon Blanco, much better treated. I was in Manila when the rebellion broke out, and for months after, and I admit the general exposed himself to a deal of just criticism. On what grounds he permitted the chief supporter of the conspiracy to quietly take passage to Europe cannot be publicly discussed, but his party foes—his adversaries on principle censured his refusal to initiate, with sixteen hundred European troops, a war à outrance which has required twenty-eight thousand men, under his successor, to accomplish. But Blanco's downfall was directly due to his having

fallen into disfavor with the Clerical party, headed by the bloodthirsty Archbishop of Manila who, if he could have made a tool of Blanco, would have started a war of native extermination with daily executions. General Martínez Campos is another who has been constantly "praised by some and blamed by others," and then made the shuttlecock of parties. Everybody knew what his Cuban policy was. Every one who had followed the course of Spanish politics for the last twenty years could not fail to remember that the peace of Zanjón was, with great difficulty, achieved by promises honestly made to the Cubans by Martínez Campos on behalf of and with the sanction of Spain, whose government afterwards treacherously repudiated them, or at least persistently abstained from carrying them out. The rebels being already *disarmed by promises* what need was there to act further? When he returned to Spain in 1878 he became the idol of the people. They were not to be satisfied until he became the prime minister. Cánovas himself advised the king to call upon Martínez Campos to form a cabinet so that the higher he rose the greater would be his fall. This military hero was about as successful a politician as our late Iron Duke. Of course he wanted to ratify, as leader of the government, his word of honor which he had pledged to the Cubans as commander-in-chief. He had mistaken his own strength in the "vaulting ambition that o'erleaps itself." When Martínez Campos was again sent to Cuba in 1895 leaders of public opinion on all sides hailed him as the saviour of Spanish sovereignty in Cuba. They knew that his policy was one of attraction and pacification rather by an *entente* than by force of arms, yet no influential voice was raised against his appointment. The Cubans were not disposed to fall a second time into the same trap. In six months' time Martínez Campos was no nearer the end of his mission than when he started. He was violently attacked through the public press, and having returned to Spain in disgrace he is now but slowly

regaining something of his lost popularity. His political adversaries so persistently revile him that quite recently the organ of his party, *La Epoca*, the director of which is the Senator Marquis de Valdeiglesias, actually started the publication of the general's service sheet to convince the public of his great merits. The same paper also commenced the publication, on the eighteenth of May, of General Ramon Blanco's service sheet for the same reason.

Again, General Wenceslao Weyler, who is at present in command of the operations in Cuba, has not escaped the angry lash of home politicians. His line of conduct is diametrically opposed to that of Martinez Campos, and were he given *carte blanche* to act on his own fire and sword policy he would faithfully give effect to Cánovas' declaration that "whilst there is a single armed rebel in the field the Cuban reforms shall be withheld."

Although the government of Spain is carried on constitutionally in parliamentary form the Military party is always on the alert and really holds the situation in the balance. Looking back to the history of the period under discussion—the present century—I cannot say that this state of affairs has proved, upon the whole, other than beneficial to Spain up to the restoration of the Bourbons in 1875. What did the Military party accomplish for Spain? The abolition of despotism under Ferdinand VII.; the expulsion of court politicians, palace sycophants, and political favorites; the purging of an immoral court which happily brought about the abdication of 1868; the extinction of a Republic proved to be utterly impracticable for the country; the clipping of the wings of the Ultramontane party under the Carlist banner, and the restoration of Constitutional Monarchy, the only form of government adequately suited to the temperament of Spaniards of today. The Senate has its contingent of generals. The Military party virtually holds the sword over the heads of the government and the people. Whilst there is no sign of abuse of this power there is a determination that it shall

not be trampled upon or brought into contempt. When, in 1895, some Madrid newspapers attributed cowardice to the troops in Cuba several officers went to the printing offices and smashed up the printing presses. The movement had the entire sympathy of the Military party, and a ministerial crisis was talked of. The matter was not allowed to drop, for quite recently the government has had to introduce a bill in Parliament closely curtailing the liberty of the press in military criticism.

A passionate race like the Spaniards would argue a point till doomsday. The newspapers live more by polemics than the publication of news. Each sectarian finds it beneath his dignity to yield one jot to others' logic and common sense; each party (and there exist a score) has its own interest to serve; each lawyer-politician strives to create a personal political force, hence we have the Salmeronistas, the Silvelistas, the Gamazistas, the Canovistas, the Sagastinos, and a host of others who follow the individual more than the principle in the struggle for office. There is also the party of Romero Robledo, always in opposition, which seems to have no other mission than that of creating difficulties for the existing government, whatever it may be. As the average Spaniard needs an immediate chief whom he blindly follows, so he requires a figure-head to look up to in silent reverence—an ideal leader who he cannot help feeling is superior in his very essence. The name of royalty sends a thrill of awe through the veins of the masses.

The Republicans are strongly organized, so strongly, indeed, that the monarchical government is obliged to recognize them as a legitimate political party. They openly hold their conferences in all the provincial capitals, and have their Madrid centre or casino at Number seven Calle del Principe. Speeches are delivered in a most inflammatory and seditious strain, and reported on in the public press. "The Revolutionary Republican Union" might almost be regarded as a government *in posse* already existing within



the government *in esse*. They have their president and their National Assembly to which deputies are elected. Their deliberations are recorded and publicly announced as if they were the actual governing body of the nation. As to the leaders, they are mostly men of practical knowledge, experience, and common-sense. They know exactly what they want and they are weary of the political ball, manufactured by secret cliques, being batted to and fro between Cánovas and Sagasta with little beneficial result to the people. But merely as a political party they cannot reasonably expect to overthrow the dynasty and uproot the present form of government by any constitutional measures. That would be too absurd. They can only reach their goal by revolution, to support which they must rely upon the millions of the lower order—that class which, in the four or five years following the abdication of Queen Isabella in 1868, showed that they had an entirely mistaken notion of what Republicanism meant. Republican effort is again doomed to ultimate failure. The Spaniards collectively, as a nation, are not sufficiently educated for a Republican form of government to prosper. They wrongly interpret liberty by libertinage. When a Republic was talked of as imminent a few years ago the turbulent classes of Cadiz overtly discussed what they would do under the name of liberty. As Republicans they would make an open raid on the property of the rich, and divide the spoils amongst the "people." In their crass ignorance they would slide from rational Republicanism into the absurdities of Communism. In the third week of May last Señor Labra, a leading Republican light, was publicly entertained at Valencia. In his discourse on "Private co-operation for national education" he advocated (for the interests of his party) the teaching of popular science, and the education of women. He fully recognized that self-government required a standard of mental training which the people had not yet acquired, a fact which is the stumbling-block to the maintenance of a Republic. He

further declared, in another speech, "I consider it necessary to separate the Church from the State by gradual measures."

At the last census it was ascertained that more than one in six of the population over six years of age could neither read nor write. From my own twenty-three years' experience of Spain and Spanish women, I should say that seventy-five per cent. of the female population are ignorant of the elementary subjects of school education. Young women of the upper middle classes are taught to be satisfied with only those educational adornments which take in society, such as music, fine needlework, and so forth, with a careful study of the lives of the saints and everything popularly associated with religion. Nine-tenths of the population are hopelessly under the thumb of the priests who, on the one hand, foster their ignorant superstition, and, on the other hand, profit by it to hold in check any up-to-date ideas which might possibly tend to the overthrow of their own power—for, undoubtedly, the very first solid movement towards that national progress which could ever place Spain on a level with the most advanced nations of Europe would be the depopularization of clerical influence. How this may one day come about it is not for me to suggest. We can only look at the history of nations now free of the ban of an all-absorbing Church.

The Philippine war which is helping to cripple Spanish finances was the work of the haughty monks, who pushed their oppression of the natives to an intolerable degree. The wholesale slaughter and other atrocities lately committed in those islands were the acts of men whose banners were blessed by the priests, and who are led to believe that in suppressing liberty they are fighting for a holy cause. In Cuba (and I have travelled over half the island) religious influence hardly obtains to the extent of becoming oppressive. There the greed of the Spanish monopolizers of office originally produced the yearning for liberty. Months before the insurrection broke



out in February, 1895, the Liberals, under the leadership of Sagasta, saw the storm coming and opined that it might be averted by the concession of certain administrative reforms urgently insisted upon by the Cubans for years past. But the Conservatives, led by Cánovas del Castillo, were obdurate, and, unfortunately for the country and their own dignity, they strenuously refused to yield, with good grace, that which they are now reluctantly constrained to offer under extraneous pressure. The speech of Señor Sagasta, as leader of the opposition, throws some light on the present situation. In the Senate-house on the nineteenth of May, 1897, he said, in the course of his criticism on the government:—

With respect to the Cuban campaign the government not only insists upon declaring that the Western provinces are pacified, but affects to believe that with the *promises* made the whole island ought to be in peace. But the fact is that from private information received from different sources we learn quite the contrary, whilst the inconsistency is moreover proved by the official despatches published daily. The military organization in those provinces said to be quieted down remains the same as it was prior to the alleged pacification. Suffice to add that in the provinces said to be pacified the armed force is seventy-five per cent. *in excess* of that employed in the disturbed provinces! The country cannot continue to be deceived in this way. . . . The real facts demonstrate to us that the revolt has developed to an extent unknown in past Cuban wars. After having sent out two hundred thousand men, and having shed so much blood, we are not masters in the island of more land *than that upon which our soldiers tread*. As regards the Philippine campaign the government also told us, long ago, that we might consider it finished, but the truth is there are still bodies of rebels in the field whose extinction one cannot foresee. Apart from all this . . . we are threatened with a Carlist war in the peninsula, and even a regional war seeks to raise its head. In short, we have a war in Cuba, a war in the Philippines, a prospective insurrection in the peninsula, with ruin, desolation, and misery in four Cuban provinces. . . . Had the reforms been opportunely applied they would have been effective, but if ap-

plied now they will appear to have been the result of foreign pressure rather than a spontaneous act, hence they will produce no effect on the rebels who regard their proposed application as a proof of weakness on the part of the government. . . . What has been done with the enormous sums of money sent to Cuba? I can assure you there are *five months' arrears* pay due to the valiant soldiers who shed their blood in the island. We are in debt for war expenses more than *forty millions of dollars*, and yet the government says that the financial situation gives it no concern, because it has ample resources for the war operations.

The country is so weighed down with Colonial troubles that a change of government would signify no more than the carrying on of practically the same policy by the Liberals, to be then combated by the Conservatives. Elections to Parliament are an utter farce. When I passed through some electoral districts last year government agents were coercing the electors and menacing the mayors. In Madrid itself it was a waste of time and energy to have voted for the Marquis de Cabriñana, the party in power having resolved he should not sit. Almost the same may be said of the municipal elections, and the apathy shown in these matters is not surprising. The last municipal voting took place on the ninth of May. *El Liberal* of tenth May admits that three-fourths of the population of Madrid did not take the trouble to know that the polling centres had been open until they read the evening papers. In Barcelona there was some fighting; in Linares and Bilbao shots were fired. A telegram from Bilbao published in *El Liberal* on the tenth May, says: "Votes were paid for at thirty pesetas." "Many electors abstain from voting because the votes are not paid for. (Signed) Mencheta."

In England a change of government is usually the result of the general elections. In Spain it is more frequently effected by the Opposition raising some crucial question which produces a ministerial crisis and forces a resignation. An attempt of this kind was made in May last. The Duke of Tetuan (de-

scendant of the famous O'Donnell), a member of the Cánovas Cabinet, had an altercation with the Liberal Senator Comas, and came to blows. Thereupon the Liberal party demanded the resignation of the duke, which, however, Cánovas refused to accept. To bring pressure on the government, the parties forming the minority resolved to absent themselves from the *Córtes en masse*. The position of the government became untenable; it was impracticable to vote bills in Parliament without the co-operation of the Opposition in debate. Cánovas then brought the crisis to a close by tendering his resignation to the queen regent. The crowd of office-seekers and hangers-on of the Liberal party were in high glee. Sagasta was literally besieged at his residence by "aspirants and adherents." Most of them, however, had counted their chickens before they were hatched, for the queen regent, after consulting with the representative generals, ex-presidents of council, Sagasta and other leading statesmen, on the seventh June calmly confirmed her confidence in Cánovas and his continuance in office. Moreover, her Majesty at once gave orders for the journey of the Court to San Sebastian early in July, and selected as minister in attendance the Duke of Tetuan, whose expulsion from the ministry had been so emphatically demanded by the minority parties. The news fell like a thunderbolt on the over-confident Liberals. The rage and disappointment of the thousands who had reckoned on employment were boundless. They still refused to admit that the crisis was over. They declared that the same party difficulties remained unresolved. The pretext of the whole conflict was the Cuban question, accelerated by the Tetuan incident. General Weyler was so violently denounced as an obstacle that I should not be surprised to see the present government give way on that point, and send out General Blanco or even Martinez Campos in his stead. Some ex-ministers lost their equanimity so far as to call upon their political chief,

Sagasta, to publicly protest against their party being left out in the cold, but the Liberal leader is too old a bird in politics to be caught in such a ruinous trap. In the Liberal Club the crest-fallen aspirants to power bitterly lamented the fact that they could not fight out the question face to face with the government. Cánovas, indeed, with great perspicuity, had taken the wind out of the sails of his opponents; he had closed the political arena by obtaining the queen regent's signature to a decree proroguing Parliament.

When we come to examine the 1897-98 budget, the financial prospect is in no respect reassuring. For the present year the Cuban war expenses will be covered by the last national loan of four hundred millions of pesetas (say £13,300,000), but, after that, what? The government intends to impose new taxes to such an extent that the commerce of Spain, especially the home trade, must suffer greatly from these fresh obligations. The Custom House receipts being mortgaged for the sum of ninety-two millions of pesetas annually (say £3,070,000) for extraordinary disbursements, the ordinary expenses which would have been paid from this source are to be covered partly by an increase (called a war tax) on existing direct and indirect taxes, excepting only the land tax and the interest on the public debt. All other contributions not included in the above sections are to be increased up to ten per cent. Several monopolies are to be created, on the anticipated product of which loans are to be raised; for example, the refining and sale of petroleum calculated to produce eighteen millions of pesetas per annum, and on this a sum of forty millions of pesetas is to be borrowed. This system of drawing upon income long before it is due, the enormous accumulated interest payable out of the diminished future resources, and the large sums due by the government to private contractors, for instance, the *Compañía Transatlántica* (Steamship Co.) and the National Bank of Spain, must all lead

to ruin and financial chaos. The idea has been already mooted of selling Cuba to the Cubans for a fixed sum under the guarantee of the United States. The amount proposed would restore to the Madrid treasury the outlay for the present war, besides yielding a lump sum as purchase money pure and simple, whereby the financial situation in Spain would be consolidated. The Cuban war is estimated to cost about eighteen millions sterling per annum, so that over forty millions sterling will have been already spent. From a material point of view, if three-fourths of that sum had never been raised and the other fourth honestly spent on developing the natural wealth of the peninsula, what a vast amount of happiness it would have produced! Looking at the matter from a purely humane standpoint, it is simply appalling to contemplate that "ten to twelve thousand more men are destined to succumb to the action of endemic disease during the coming wet season" (*El Liberal*, second June). But Spanish pride—called patriotism in Spain—will probably never consent to the suggested solution. On the twenty-third of May *La Epoca* published a cablegram from the Spanish minister in Washington in which he says, touching this proposition: "This idea is now in the minds of all influential politicians without responsibility, and the sooner it can be dispelled by declarations in Parliament the better. (Signed) Dupuy." *La Correspondencia* of the same date, referring to this subject and the probable tactics of the Liberal minority says: "No: Señor Sagasta has by no means lost the hope of Cuba remaining for ever Spanish. . . . His patriotism has been too long tried for a calumny like this to offend him at the close of a life of loyalty and civic virtues of pure Spanish tradition." The relations existing between the United States of American and Spain, with regard to Cuba, are as curious as they are interesting. Every move, every resolution in Congress, every speech in the United States is watched and commented upon in Spain with an anxiety approaching dread, as

quickly counterbalanced, however, by proud, or as they would call it, patriotic resolves to shed the last drop of blood for Spanish sovereignty. In this matter Spain has shown her hand too freely. There is no apparent reason why a country which has exhibited such vitality of resource when in distress—which has performed the unprecedented feat of landing one hundred and eighty-seven thousand troops across the Atlantic (of which five thousand went to Porto Rico) and almost simultaneously twenty-eight thousand troops in the far east—should display such nervousness. After all, the loss of Cuba to the Spaniards would be more sentimental than material. If the Cubans cannot be forced into subjection they will certainly not be induced to lay down their arms by the reluctant application of reforms, meaningless in actual operation, and which may be summed up in a few words, namely, an agreement under which Cuba may propose and Spain shall dispose.

Spaniards are patriotic inasmuch as relates to love of country as an abstract theory. In a burst of enthusiasm they will readily subscribe to a patriotic fund raised for specific purposes which gives them individual enhancement in the eyes of their fellow-men. Still their patriotism is very much subordinated to personal interest, and is no check to speculation. Where is the real patriotism of a Carbineer or a Custom House officer who, with the one hand takes a large bribe to cheat the treasury, and with the other hand gives a fraction of it to some popular subscription. Where is the true devotion to the welfare of the fatherland in those friars who stubbornly hold the Philippines, knowing full well that their presence is an obstruction to the colony's progress? Again, the raising of so large an army for the colonies is no proof of individual sacrifice. It was organized under pressure; hundreds have crossed the frontier to evade enlistment; women have been in open riot against the conscription in Saragossa and other places; meetings of protest have been held, and recruits have been embarked in Barce-

lona under armed escort. Hundreds of "patriots" have exploited the situation in many ways, such as conscript substitute agents, or as furnishers of clothing which could only last the soldier till he was well out of sight. Raw recruits voluntarily drew my attention to this at the Dalahican camp, near Manilla. The constant coming and going of civil and military employés enriches the subsidized steamship company in which so many government wire-pullers hold shares. Permanent appointments, which would mean patriotic economy, are set aside for personal gain. When a military officer in a colony nine thousand miles away is promoted, he is called home to be commissioned in his higher rank for no other apparent object than that of benefiting the steamship company. Feasts and banquets are given, and bunting is spread to celebrate the return of any officer, from a Lieutenant to a general, who is reported to have done anything out of the common. In all this whirlwind of rejoicing, lamentation, intrigue, religion vice, corruption, collective patriotism, but individual grabbing, there is one noble figure which prominently stands out, in vivid contrast, a model of virtue and enviable tact. Her Majesty, the Queen Regent, notwithstanding her foreign birth, knows exactly how to do the right thing at the right moment with exquisite taste. She has won by her charitableness the adoration of the masses; by her gracious sympathy the love of the middle classes; and by her clear comprehension of all that is traditionally Spanish the esteem and admiration of the aristocracy. His Majesty, her son, who is eleven years of age, labors under the disadvantage of having been born a king. His dignity from birth is an impediment to his education. He cannot mix freely with other boys of his own age, and it would be difficult for him to travel for knowledge in other lands. It will, therefore, hardly be his fault if he is unable to appreciate, by comparison, the condition of his subjects.

The trade of the country in the higher

sphere, that is, the import and export branches, has in no way fallen off.

According to the British Consular Report on Spain for 1896 (No. 1851) the total value of imports for the last three years were as follows:—

1894.	1895.	1896.
£28,421,733	£28,148,834	£29,366,912

and the total value of exports in the same year was thus:—

1894.	1895.	1896.
£23,197,169	£27,705,435	£34,890,405

from which we not only see an increase in imports and exports, but we deduce the more important result, namely:—

Excess of Imports over

Exports in 1894.....£5,224,564 value

Excess of Imports over

Exports in 1895..... £443,399 "

Excess of Exports over

Imports in 1896.....£5,523,493 "

which, if it denotes anything, would show progressive prosperity, inasmuch as the country has been able to produce and find a market for so much more than it required to receive from abroad.

This is, however, by no means the keynote to the condition of the masses—the millions who are neither enriched nor impoverished by the comparative state of trade with abroad. Seeing the amount of misery and mendicity in so many districts in Spain it is evident that the sum total of profitable trade—comparatively progressive as it may be—does not reach the wants of the entire population. The small dealers, craftsmen, artisans and all who depend exclusively on home requirements are those who feel most acutely the burden of heavy taxation. The smallest trader is not allowed, by law, to attempt to get a living without previously paying a tax (*patente industrial*). One cannot carry provisions for personal consumption from a town to a suburb without paying the *consumos* tax. A month ago in Madrid there were fifteen hundred treasury cases of fraud against persons who necessarily evaded this tax.

Many municipalities themselves are

poverty-stricken. That of Málaga was insolvent when I was there this year. Last May, according to *El Liberal*, the Provincial Asylum of Alicante could not find servants for the institution because twenty-six months' salary had not been paid. Also at the Hospital of Murcia the patients had to go without meat because the municipality could not pay the butchers' bills.

The prospect is anything but cheering. With these constant turmoils the poor priest-ridden Spanish nation holds no more weight in Europe than Switzerland. Were peace to be restored in Cuba by Spanish arms, a hundred thousand men would return for disbandment in the peninsula. If Cuba became free a total evacuation would bring one hundred and eighty thousand men home to swell the ranks of the other thousands of unemployed. They would then probably find employment in completing the country's ruin, for Señor Sagasta, in the speech already quoted, makes no secret of the anticipated civil war. I can see no other remedies for the calamities which must ensue than the abandonment of Spain's fifteenth century colonial policy, the propagation of a liberal secular education amongst the masses, and the abolition of priestcraft. But what prospect is there of such measures being adopted?

JOHN FOREMAN.

---

From The Gentleman's Magazine.  
THE TALE OF A GRECIAN BOY.

Glu, lu, lu! The music is like a little bird in search of its mate, Afendi; it flutters hither and thither.

Glu, lu, lu! Mine is a sweet-toned flute. I and it, we think together of many things. When it is night, and the goats grow less eager for food, it will talk to the distant stars; when it is day, and the hot sun brings laziness to the nimble-footed ones, it will sing with the bees and grasshoppers. This flute, it is my friend—my only friend, now that Sileese is gone. Its voice drives away the silence of the hills, its melody rip-

ples through the dark woods like cheerful water. And though Sileese has gone away never to return, I am not alone, for my flute is still with me.

Glu, lu, lu!—but poor Sileese, my little golden one! I shall never forget her. I—I am a boy. The snows have whitened the black rocks fourteen times since I was born. And Sileese—she was a little kid when my father gave her into my arms, saying, "Demetri, this *katzika* shall be thine."

As she bleated against my heart, I thought to myself she is mine, mine own, and very beautiful. I will call her Sileese. I will take mother's care of her. And who knows, but if, as the days come and come, that she may not grow to a goat? And who knows but that she may not have kids?

These thoughts made me deliciously proud. And from that time, and through the coming days, my love for Sileese was ever growing. "Sileese! Sileese!" I would shout, and she would leave her friends and come quickly to me. Now here, now there, we would run together. And when we stopped for breath, and she placed her warm muzzle betwixt my hands, I would see love in her yellow eyes. But of my father, of my brothers, she had terror. She loved me, and me alone. I was her loving friend—yet I was not able to stop the crimson blood flowing from her throat, though I tried, Afendi.

Glu, lu, lu! Now hush, my flute, whilst to the Afendi I do tell of that which happened to my Sileese.

I had been upon the little hills, I had come to the woods—the woods in which was my father's fold. They were dark and sad, for the heavens were covered with the grey clouds of winter: they were dark and sad, though the *koudounia* (flock-bells) were speaking, and a fine snow gleamed from the pine-boles. I was cold, I was hungry, for I had been upon the little hills all day. And now that I was near to the fold I thought of the warm fire that was there, of the food that my father would give me. To drive on the goats was my duty, my pleasure; and it was not now that I would wait for the unwilling ones to nibble at a tender branch. "Hun, hun!" I shouted many times, as I pushed aside



the bushes that would stop me, and came to some goat that would not obey. And wherever I went Sileese followed close behind—for she was my friend, and we did not quarrel. Thus and thus came I to the fold, and drove my herd beneath its warm thatch. There I left them, and, passing through the gently falling snow, I leapt a fallen pine and opened the door of my father's hut, which was close by. He was lying by the fire, and its cheerful flames showed me his face—it was stern, it was thoughtful. But I did not mind—I was hungry, and my flock, were they not all in the fold, and did I not tell him so? He was very slow that evening to give me food, and when he had brought it he was strangely silent; but I was hungry, I said nothing. When I had eaten the bread and drank the wine, my father said to me, and for the second time, "Demetri, have all the goats come home?" "Yes, my father," I answered. "Have Visla, Karvoon, and Lala?" "Yes, my father," I answered, and I was not surprised at his asking me, for they were wicked animals, and they gave us much trouble in the woods and on the hills. "Is Korta's lame leg better?" then asked my father. "'Tis the same," I replied. Upon which my father sighed, and I thought of sleep. But as I was about to lie down again he asked of me, as if he had not remembered my other words, "Have all the goats come home, Demetri?" "Surely, my father," I replied; and with this I fell a-thinking for the reason of my father's many questions, for I had not done wrong. But I was not to think for long; suddenly my father's eyes seemed to wake as from a dream, and he said to me sharply, "Demetri, did you meet any strangers to-day?" "No, my father," I said quickly; "not one. I have only seen Glan." And Glan, as my father knew, was but another herdboy like myself.

Upon this my father's words came and went like clouds to a winter sky; whence they arrived, and whither they were going, I could not tell. He would speak of the difficult times, of the rare money, of the little food. He would speak of our flock, he would call it little, and our neighbor's great; he would tell me the number of our great goats, of our

little goats. He would speak of Klephts, and he would speak of straight men. I could not understand whither his words were going. Faster and faster they came, and his voice grew louder, for the wind was coming very strongly to the forest, and the trees were muttering in the black night outside the hut. I could see that he was angry, but it was not with me. Then what was it?

"My father?" I said. But he did not hear me. "My father!" I shouted, and with that his words ceased, and I asked him if I might sleep. "Yes," said he, "sleep well;" and with that he turned on his other side by the fire, and said no more. I was weary. The great wind was rushing heavily over the hut, and as it blew on its way I followed it through the woods, over the hills, through the darkness, through the drifting snow. I followed it, but whither I knew not. I slept.

Soon after the morning light came to the wood I awoke, and with my father I went to the fold. There was much work to be done there before I could again take the flock through the woods to the little hills. The wind of the previous night had passed on its way, and taken the grey clouds with it; but where it had blown there lay a thin white snow, and where the grey clouds had been there was now a blue sky, against which the pines held up their snow-covered branches.

Perhaps it was two hours, perhaps it was three hours that we had been working at the fold, I and my father, when I saw four men coming towards us in the distance. "Look! my father," I said. And so soon as he saw them he swore very fiercely, and afterwards said to me, "They come, Demetri; they come for the goats." "Who, my father?" I said. "The Klephts," he replied. "Why?" I said, "we sent them three goats last month." "*Den peirazei* (no matter), he replied; "they have sent me word that the times are difficult, and that they must have four goats more, that they may hold us in safety; the devils; they must have them: the devils! that I should have to take your Sileese—I, a poor man."

"Oh! my father," I said, "for the sake



of Holy Saint George, *not* Sileese." "Demetri, it must be Sileese," he replied, "for she is small, and I am a poor man. It must be Sileese," he said again. "Sileese, Visla, Karvoon, and Lala; but, hush! the Klephts are here."

When the goad is pressed into the ox, the flesh creeps to the pain, the flesh gathers itself up like a man's hand when it closes. It was so now with my heart, as I thought of Sileese, my little loving Sileese. And when I looked at the Klephts who had come to us, I felt that I was very little and weak. But they—they took no notice of me; I was only a boy.

"Make haste, Stavros"—they said to my father—"make haste, for our captain is waiting on the mountain; the goats—where are they?"

"They shall be yours directly, noble men," answered my father. Then he turned to me and said, "Quick Demetri, fetch them out of the fold." And as I went to the door of the fold I heard him say, "*Kathesate*" (sit you down), "I will bring you wine from the hut—good wine and strong." For my father was a poor man, and had great fear of the Klephts. He wished them to call him friend.

When I entered the fold Sileese ran with bleats to meet me. Her voice was very small, but it filled my ears, it stirred my blood. And I would have wished for some white powder<sup>1</sup> to place in the wine of the Klephts. But I had it not. I could only drive Visla, Karvoon, and Lala out of the fold, and, with Sileese following at my heels, return to the Klephts. When Sileese saw the strangers she ran a little to one side, and gazed at them with timid eyes. "Sileese," I said; "come, Sileese." And with the sound of my voice she lost her terror, and came to me again. The Klephts, they laughed at this, and in their laughter I found hope. "Sileese," I said again. "Come, pretty one." Then she did what I had taught her to do. She stood upon her hind legs, and rested her front feet against my white *foustanelle*. I stroked her soft neck—she bleated with joy. I pretended to run away; she followed me here, there—everywhere.

<sup>1</sup> Arsenic.

Then I returned again to the Klephts, who were drinking the wine that my father had brought to them, and I begged them for the good God's sake to spare to me my little friend, Sileese. There were tears in my eyes, there was grief in my heart; but I—I was a boy, and they mocked me as they drank their wine. I took off my crimson fez; I knelt at their feet, but they mocked me. The devils! And when they had finished the wine, they pushed me to one side, saying, "*As pame*" (Let us go). But Sileese would not be persuaded from me like the other goats. She ran hither and thither—she ran till they caught her, and tied a rope about her soft neck. Then they dragged her away after them, and I saw them going further and further from me. I could hear Sileese crying to me; I could see them walking betwixt the trees, over the patches of white snow. They were growing small with distance; I could scarcely hear Sileese. I could not bear it; I ran after them. Again I begged them with humble words to spare to me Sileese, but they struck me, and I fell with hot tears into a bush. Many times I ran to them, and many times they struck me. They were angry that I should follow them, and their blows stained my white shirt with blood. But I followed them, through and out of the wood, up and over the little hills, on and beyond to the great mountain, for I loved Sileese.

At length they, and I following after—we came where the river comes from the great mountain. It was very full, and its white and angry water was running hastily betwixt tall black rocks. To walk by its side was difficult, for, though there was a path, it was steep and rough. For the goats it was no trouble, but for us others it was difficult. We went more slowly. My breath came quicker. And now the path was narrow, and now the path was broad; and now it ran straight, and now it ran crooked, as if afraid of the great rocks that leant towards the stream. It was a wild place, and they were wild men who were carrying Sileese away from me.

It was thus with us, and in this place, when I said to myself, "I will go a little further, but only a little further." For, Afendi, my hope of helping Sileese was

dying, and I feared the captain on the mountain. He was a bad man, and if he saw me, who knows but that he would kill me? "I will go," I said to myself; "yes, I will go as far as that great rock yonder, which the Klephts are just about to pass; then I will make haste to them, and once more, and for the last time, beg for Sileese."

When the Klephts came to the base of the great rock they hurried round it, and I was making haste to follow them, when a crash like thunder came to me, and passed away with the waters that were hurrying betwixt the black rocks. Then I saw them running, stumbling back towards me, but without Sileese. In a minute they were by my side; in another they were passing beyond and round another rocky corner. I was alone.

But it was not thunder that I had heard—and that I knew, I who have heard the soldiers' guns speak upon the mountains. And when I went on to the rock, and, turning it, saw blue-coated ones with rifles in their hands, I was not surprised, and ran to Sileese, and took the cord from about her neck. "Bah!"<sup>1</sup> one of them said, "look at the little Klepht! But he is brave—braver than those others." And with this he pointed his rifle at me as if to shoot me. "I—I am no Klepht like those others," I answered. "And this is Sileese, who is mine." "Den peirazel," they answered, and, driving the goats before them, they followed gently after the Klephts. For they were in no hurry to catch them, they had not had the order.

And as they went they talked of many things—of how they had met the Klephts by chance, of how some day they would shoot them when they wished their bullets to go straight. And then, when we arrived at the little hills, they stopped and had food. It was then that I said to them, "I will take the goats to my father. Adio!" So saying, I called to Sileese to come close to me, and prepared to drive Visla, Karvoon, and Lala towards our wood. But I had not money, and the soldiers<sup>2</sup> have power. "Not so fast, little Klepht," they said, "the goats are ours. But you,

get you gone; we will not take you yet to prison."

To call me a little Klepht, it was silly! Glan, the tallest of the soldiers—he knew me, he had beaten my father till my father had given him a chicken. And he—he to call me a little Klepht!

But they would not listen when I told them of Sileese, that she was my friend. "Little fool," they said; "we will eat her!" I—I was a boy, they said, as they drank their wine; and Sileese—Sileese was a goat, who was small and fat. Then their words passed by me, and they tied Sileese and the other goats to a bush.

I was tired, I was hungry, but I would not ask of their bread. I was sad, I was angry, but I would not speak. It was thus with me and the soldiers till they rose to their feet and set out for the village of Piltsa, where was their *arimatikos* (officer).

As I saw them going from me with Sileese and the goats, there came to me a longing for help, a wish that I was strong enough to cast them down upon the white snow, and beat them with their guns. But when I heard them urge on the goats with cruel words, when I heard them laugh, I was as water that runs it knows not why, I was as a weak sheep that follows its herd. Each step that I took brought sobs to my throat, each bush that I passed was veiled in the mist of my tears, yet I followed the *stratiotais*. I followed them over the little hills. I paused when they paused, and I heard their bullets fly buzzingly over the hills to a distant mark. Some of the bullets hit the tree that they were firing at, and I saw white splinters fly from its trunk; but the others—where did they go? Who knows? And they—they did not go to the village beyond to ask, but continued their way.

They were very happy, those soldiers; they began to sing—to sing a *tragoudo* about Ali Pacha. They were coming close to their home at Piltsa, those soldiers, and they sang. But of me, who was far behind them, they took no notice, for their eyes were upon the blue smoke that rose from the cottages of Piltsa. In a little while I could see them pass beneath leafless trees, to go,

<sup>1</sup> Bah! here an exclamation of astonishment.

<sup>2</sup> Soldiers, or military police.

some to one side, and some to the other side of grey trunks. In a little while I, too, was passing beneath these trees, and could see the pink and white walls of the cottages of Piitsa. The door of one of these cottages was closing, but not so quickly that I could not see the blue-coated one who was shutting it.

"Pig!" I muttered to myself, as I saw him; "I have been to Piitsa before. I will go to your officer at the big house."

When I came to him, that officer, he took me by the shoulder and asked me of the blood that was upon my shirt. His eyes were kind, though they laughed. His voice was stern, but his ears were ready to listen. And I told to him that which I have told to you, Afendi. And I begged him for the good God's sake to save Sileese from his soldiers, who had robbed me of her. My words came quicker than my sobs, my *tzarouchia* (shoes), my fez, I took them off and waited.

"Come," said he, as he took up his glittering sword. "Come, you shall have your Sileese." And with that he quitted his beautiful house, and I followed him. He walked with long strides, his sword it went jingle-jangle over the rough stones—he was an officer, and he was going to save my Sileese.

When he came to the door of the soldier's cottage he pushed it open—my heart was with his strong arm. As he entered I pressed close to him, and my eyes sought eagerly for Sileese. She was lying upon her side on the mud floor, there was crimson blood coming from a great gash in her throat. There was a blue-coated devil by her side with a knife in his hand; her blood was dripping from the point of the cold steel. I sprang at him; I would have gripped his knife, I would have buried it in his heart. But the cunning one was too quick for me. I turned to Sileese, her yellow eyes were dimming with the dews of death. Her bleat came to me as from the summit of some lofty rock. She stretched her little limbs out, she was dead, and never again should Sileese and I wander over the hills together. Never again—

NEIL WYNN WILLIAMS.

From The Contemporary Review.

# THE NEW SAYINGS OF CHRIST.

Mr. Grenfell and Mr. Hunt have presented the world in general with a document of the greatest interest; while to theological scholars they have given one of the prettiest problems conceivable, in the writing which they have christened "*Αβγια 'Ιεροῦ*." Egypt is constantly yielding up fragments which excite and tantalize us almost unbearably; and now she has surpassed herself. Here we have what purport to be fresh sayings of the most important person who ever lived; and these are preserved to us on a single leaf of papyrus, badly mutilated, and, as a glance at the facsimile will show, extremely hard to read.

During the next few months we may expect edition after edition of these "*Logia*" from England, France, and Germany. We shall have conjectures good, bad, and worse than bad, on the text, and we shall be told what the fragment is, when and where it was composed, what the lost portions contained, what the surviving portions mean, and what the relation of it all is to our four Gospels. But though we shall certainly learn a good deal, and probably be enabled to fill up the gaps in the second page of the text, I doubt whether we shall get any work that is on the whole more cautious and sensible than the *editio princeps*.

It is not the purpose of this article to answer any of the great questions in Christian "*origins*" which are sure to be raised in connection with this fragment. The time is not ripe for that. The process of assimilation of new documents is always a long one; and a document so new as the "*Logia*" demands years rather than weeks or months for its proper appreciation. That which on a first reading seems so unlike anything we have seen—which stands out so sharply from the background of known Christian literature—will eventually, no doubt, find its context and its environment, and drop into them naturally; but that will not be for some time to come.

It is, however, already possible to point out what the fragment is not, and to indicate the directions in which the nearest parallel to it may be found; and that is what I shall attempt to do in the following pages.

## I.

In the first place, then, this document is not a leaf of a Gospel—not, at least, of such a gospel as we know anything about.

A great many kinds of books have been called Gospels at different times, but no extant recension or fragment of any of these leads us to suppose that they had room for such a collection of detached sayings as is contained in the leaf from Oxyrhynchus. Of the "Gospel of the Egyptians," a book which has been mentioned in connection with this fragment, we possess certain scraps, the chief one being a dialogue of our Lord with Salome; and from Hippolytus and Epiphanius we learn that it contained esoteric utterances of Christ to the Apostles. The "Gospel of Philip," of which we have one fragment, seems to have been a "Gnostic" writing, very much like the "Pistis Sophia," an extant work which represents Philip as the special recorder of the teaching of Jesus after the Resurrection. The very title of the "Gospel of Eve," again, transports us into a visionary sphere totally unconnected with the earthly life of our Lord; and the solitary quotation from it, preserved by Epiphanius, confirms the impression we derive from the title. Furthermore, we know enough of the Gospels called of the "Hebrews," of the "Twelve," of the "Ebonites," of "Peter," to see that in form at least they resembled our canonical Gospels; while those of "James" and of "Thomas" we actually possess—the first, perhaps, in its original shape, the latter in a shortened form—and we know that they dealt with the parentage and infancy of Christ by way of direct narrative, with little of direct doctrinal utterance.

Another class of Gospels was that connected with the names of individual

heretics—for example, Basilides and Marcion. Marcion's Gospel, however, is well known to have been a mutilated form of St. Luke, while the attribution to Basilides of anything purporting to be a Gospel is in all probability a mistake.

All this goes to show that the books known as Gospels were of a systematic and coherent character, and were either lives of Christ or continuous reports of His teaching, not collections of sayings which had no internal bond of connection with each other.

If one were forced to fix on some one of the spurious Gospels whose names are known to us as the source of the "Logia," I think I should suggest the "Traditions" or "Gospel of Matthias" as the most likely. We have three short quotations from it, all of which are ethical precepts; and almost all the writers who speak of it are connected with Egypt. Yet I do not think it really probable that our sayings are a part of this book. The formula "Jesus saith," which serves to introduce each saying in our fragment, is not very suitable to an apostle recording his reminiscences of his Master's words. There are, besides, indications that Matthias, in company with Philip and Thomas, was represented by the Egyptian Gnostics as a special recipient of Christ's esoteric teachings after the Resurrection, a fact which makes it probable that, if we had the "Gospel of Matthias," we should find it to be a book of the same general character as the "Pistis Sophia."

In the next place, this fragment does not belong to the work which people often describe as the "Logia of Papias."

It should be remembered that the work of Papias was not called "Logia," but "Expositions of Logia of the Lord" *λογίων κυριακῶν ἐξηγήσεις* and both the title and the remains of the book indicate that the proportion of "expositions" which it contained must have been largely in excess of "Logia." Its form, too, must have been more elaborate than that of the new fragment. However small in intelligence Papias may have been (and Eusebius thought

him very small), he had some pretensions to graces of style. It is difficult to imagine that he would have incorporated in his book a section so very unliterary and so miscellaneous in character as this is without diluting it with some measure of exposition. However, it is wasting time to prove that this fragment cannot be from Papias. One has but to read the specimens we have of his work to be convinced that it was of a widely different complexion. And if we may extend our purview to the fragments quoted from "the Presbyters" by Irenæus, some of which are pretty certainly from the "Expositions" of Papias, we shall probably realize that the question is hardly worth debating.<sup>1</sup>

What, then, is this fragment? It may be a collection of sayings of our

Lord made at a time when Gospels were only beginning, or had not yet begun, to be written. It may be a collection of extracts from one or more written Gospels. Does the form of it help us to a conclusion?

The leaf which we have is marked with the number eleven; and if it be at all fair to build anything on such meagre data, I would say that it seems likely that all the ten preceding leaves contained matter similar to this; because ten leaves of the size of ours would not contain any important writing to which this could be an appendix.

Then, again, if we look at the structure of the document, it is very difficult to make it fit into any class of sacred writings of which we have any specimens. The repeated formula, "Jesus saith," is so bare, so jejune, that one cannot conceive its occurring in any book which contained anywhere portions of narrative. It would not, however, be inappropriate either to a series of extracts from a larger book, or to a collection of sayings which contained sayings and nothing else.

<sup>1</sup> Shall we ever recover a copy of the five books of Papias? Egypt has seemingly unlimited possibilities, and may yet give them up. Syria, too, is not entirely exhausted; and there may have been a Syriac version of the work, though I do not know that any mention of such a thing has been brought to light. But in the West, what are our chances? We know that in or about 1218 the church of Nîmes possessed a "thick volume," containing "Librum Popie, Librum de Verbis Domini." To be sure, this may have been a copy of the Lexicon of the Papias who lived in the eleventh century, bound up with a copy of Augustine "De Verbis Domini." Still, it is not very likely that these two books would be bound up along with other tracts in one volume; and, after all, the Latin version of Irenæus comes to us from the South of France, and the second century dialogue of Jason and Papiæus was translated into Latin by a cleric in that part of the world. So that, on the whole, it is most probable that that *was* a true Papias in Latin at Nîmes, though it is not there now.

I am not at all sure that there may not have been a copy in England also in the fifteenth century. John Boston, the Bury monk and bibliographer, includes Papias of Hierapolis in the list of writers whose works he had seen in monastic libraries. But not all Boston's work is in print, and, until it is, we shall not know whether he actually did see the book, or whether he merely put down the name because it occurred in Jerome's catalogue of ecclesiastical writers, which is one of his chief sources.

Almost every considerable monastic library catalogue contains two or three mentions of Papias; but in all these cases it is fairly certain that the author of the dictionary is meant.

Now I suppose it to be true that books composed exclusively of precepts or "gnomic" utterances are distinctively Oriental in character. Certain it is that in looking for parallels to the "Logia," so far as form is concerned, we find the most striking general resemblances in writings like the Jewish "Pirke Aboth," or "Sayings of the Fathers." If we turn over the pages of this, we are constantly met by the simple formulæ, "Abtalion said"; "Shammai said"; "Rabbi said"; "He used to say." The Greek collections, such as Plutarch's "Apophthegmata Laconica," are not of the same kind. They consist of a series of short anecdotes, which specify the circumstances that gave rise to the saying.

It is probable enough that the literature of Persia and India would supply striking resemblances alike in form and substance to the document we are discussing. These, if they exist, will be produced in due time. At present I merely wish to indicate that it is a pos-



sibility that this papyrus leaf is from a collection of sayings made as such, and not collected from larger works.

Yet in this case the introductory formula is puzzling. We should expect the past tense—*ἔλεγεν* or *εἶπεν*, "He used to say," or "He said," not "He saith." In the "Pirke Aboth" the past tense is always employed, and, indeed, it seems almost inevitable that it should be employed when we are recording either traditions or personal reminiscences. The difficulty may not strike others as important; to me it is a real one.

I do not, however, find that the same objection applies, if we may regard the fragment as a series of excerpts made for some purpose from a larger work or works. I can acquiesce in the recurrence of the bare words "Jesus saith," if I am allowed to think of them as merely paragraph-marks to distinguish one saying from another. I could fancy them to correspond to the familiar *ŭrs* with which Greek epitomizers, such as Photius, begin each new extract from the book they are abridging.

I can also understand them very well if the collection was meant for liturgical use of any kind; if, for instance, they are analogous to the formula, "Hear also what St. Paul saith," in our communion service. I do not, of course, mean that the collection was made to be used in a Church service, as are the "comfortable words" to which I have alluded; but I can very well imagine that a Christian teacher should make a collection of utterances of our Lord from various sources, which he might read or quote to a circle of hearers as occasion served him.<sup>1</sup>

May I, then, with all due diffidence, set up the theory that this papyrus leaf is from a book of sayings of Christ, extracted from one or more Gospels,

and leave it to be dealt with by the critics as it deserves?

## II.

Something has been said of the form of the fragment; the great question of its contents has now to be approached. Are these new sayings to be regarded as probably genuine words of Christ? I think every one must be impressed by them. In the case of one or two of them the first feeling is that they justify the high claim they make. Is this claim borne out by further examination of their meaning, and by such external evidence as can be brought to bear on them?

With those sayings which are most closely allied to matter in the canonical Gospels it would not be right for any one to deal who has not a special knowledge of the synoptic question. Only it may be suggested by such a one that the proverb, "*noscitur a sociis*," has some application here. It is something in favor of the new sayings that they are found in company with the old. Something, not everything. The forger is well advised, it may be answered, who does not trust entirely to his own powers of invention, but uses some materials at least which he finds ready to his hand. On the other hand, if these "Logia" can be in any sense described as a forgery, they are a forgery of a class totally new to us.

The theory advanced above, that they may be excerpts from one or more Gospels—such, for example as the "Egyptian Gospel"—would serve well to explain the presence in them side by side of elements of various degrees of authenticity; for it is most probable that those early Gospels which the Church rejected contained an admixture of genuine matter along with some that was corrupt and some that was pure invention.

The second saying in the fragment runs thus: "Except ye fast [to] the world, ye shall not find the kingdom of God: and except ye keep the Sabbath, ye shall not see the Father." The expression rendered "fast to the world" *νηστεύειν τὸν κόσμον*, if allowable at all, is, as the editors say, very harsh.

<sup>1</sup> One only of the uncanonical sayings of Christ collected by Resch (*Agrapha* No. 47) resembles ours in form. It is preserved by Origen, and runs thus: *καὶ Ἰησοῦς γὰρ φησὶν διὰ τοῦ ἀσθενούντος ἰσθύνειν καὶ διὰ τοῦ πεινῶντος ἐπειναι καὶ διὰ τοῦ διψῶντος ἰδίσθαι.*

A doubt as to the correctness of the reading *κόσμον* (the world) is natural, though it is hazardous to try and amend the work of two experienced readers of papyrus: I frankly allow that I can suggest nothing better. Yet something in the nature of a parallel to "the Sabbath" in the second clause is rather needed—say, the name of a day of the month or week, or of some Jewish fast. However, as the name of a day (analogous to *τεσσαρακοστή*) would in all cases require the feminine gender, and, as no name of a fast will suit the *ductus litterarum*, *κόσμον* must stand for the present. If it stands, and if the saying is to be looked upon as genuine, we must assign to it, I think, a spiritual and not a temporal meaning. The finding of the kingdom is contingent upon keeping the true fast—the fast that God has chosen; the sight of the Father is to be attained by keeping the true Sabbath. On the other hand, literally interpreted, these words are not the teaching of Christ. He who said, "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath," could never have made the Jewish observance which He broke down the necessary step to the attainment of the heavenly life. Rather, in that case, must the words embody the principle of some Judaisms or Jewish-Gnostic sect; they can never have been uttered by our Lord.

The third saying is the most immediately attractive of all.

"Jesus saith: I stood in the midst of the world, and in flesh was I seen of them: and I found all men drunken, and none found I athirst among them, and my soul grieveth over the sons of man, because they are blind in their heart."

Where must we suppose these words to have been said? Must they be placed in the days after the Resurrection? If so, the presumption that they came from a Gnostic source is very strong; for the early heretical teachers and writers of Apocalypses appropriated that period to themselves, and represented it as the time *par excellence* when Christ communicated His most important revelation to His chosen disciples. The "Pistis Sophia," the "Books of Jeu," the "Questions of Bartholomew," and the "Apocalypse of Peter" (as it seems)

all have their scenes laid in these days.

It is perhaps significant that a rather striking reminder of this saying does occur in the "Pistis Sophia":

Now when the disciples heard this, they fell down and worshipped Him, saying: "Help us, our Lord, have pity on us, that we may be delivered from these evil chastisements, which are prepared for the sinners. Woe unto them, woe unto them, the sons of men, for they shall be as blind men groping in darkness, not seeing. Have pity upon us, Lord, in this great blindness wherein we are, and have pity upon the whole race of men," etc.—(Schwartz's translation, p. 232.)

The notion of the blindness of the whole human race, and of the compassion of Christ for them, is what is common to the two passages.

But I do not feel certain that this saying is necessarily to be placed on the post-Resurrection period. It might, I think, be of the nature of a parable. It reminds one of the words of our Lord (Matt. xxiv. 28; Luke xvii. 26) about the condition of the world in the days of Noah (and Lot). The point of these sayings is, of course, a different one; it lies in the suddenness of the destruction that came upon the careless livers; yet a certain similarity exists.

The difficulty of regarding the words as uttered before the Resurrection lies in the past tense used, and in the phrase, "In flesh was I seen of them," a phrase, by the way, which has a markedly Johannine look. Even this, however, would be tolerable in a parable such as that in Matthew xxv., in which the Son of Man says, "I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat," etc. It is not, certainly, often that our Lord refers to His coming upon earth as a past event; still, He does so refer to it; and I would submit that it is very possible that in this saying we have a reminiscence, perhaps garbled, but preserving a genuine element, of a parable or simile actually uttered by Christ. In any case, the saying is a very beautiful one.

The last of these "Logia" to which I can here refer is that puzzling sentence, "Raise up the stone, and there thou shalt find me; cleave the wood, and there am I."

It seems to me that there are three

possible lines of interpretation for this:

(1) Christ is everywhere and in everything. This, as Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt have said, is favored by the near neighborhood of what seems to be a form of the utterance, "Where two or three are gathered together, there am I in the midst of them," and the sentence from the "Gospel of Eve," which Epiphanius has preserved, supplies an attractive illustration.

(2) The emphasis is to be laid upon the hard and laborious character of the acts prescribed—the heaving up of the stone and the cleaving of the wood. We should then have a parallel to the precept, "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you;" an utterance in which the command seems to me quite as important an element as the promise. Effort is necessary if the knowledge of Christ is to be won.

(3) The "stone" and the "wood" may just possibly be the important factors in the saying. Both of them are familiar types of the Lord. But I cannot give a satisfactory meaning to the whole clause on this hypothesis, though it seems just worth mentioning.

The first interpretation has a flavor of Pantheism about it, of something far removed from the ordinary lines of our Lord's genuine sayings. If the interpretation be correct, the words would better suit a "Gnostic" milieu than an orthodox one. But I doubt its correctness. Would any sect which is likely to have produced this mystical saying have put it in such a form? Were they not all too deeply imbued with a belief in the inherent evil of matter? Stone and wood, the productions of an ignorant or evil Creator, with whose works it is the object of every enlightened soul to have as little to do as possible, could they be spoken of in so emphatic a manner as this? I do not think that a Gnostic would thus conceive of the presence of Christ in created things. The Lord "is everywhere and heareth every one of us," say the docetic "Acts of John," it is true; but there is no hint to show that He is present in inanimate things of sense.

I incline rather to the second of the interpretations suggested above. It is

direct and simple, and it is in accordance with Christ's known teaching. Possibly the collector of the "Logia" may have understood the sentence differently, and therefore placed it in the position in which we find it. If he did, he acted, I believe, under a misapprehension.

With these scattered suggestions I must leave the fragment. The interest of this first-fruit of the *Oxyrhynchus* find cannot easily be exaggerated. Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt have already earned our warmest thanks by the way in which they have dealt with it; and during many years to come, one is glad to think, they will be constantly increasing our obligations alike to themselves and to the Egyptian Exploration Fund.

M. R. JAMES.

---

From Chambers's Journal.

#### A TRAPPIST MONASTERY IN NATAL.

Durban, the port of Natal, is, like Jerusalem, "beautiful for situation," despite the fact that the alleged port is nothing but an open roadstead where passengers are always landed in a sort of marine lift, a small wicker-work chamber constructed to hold four inside, and rigged to a derrick. By this comfortable contrivance one is lowered with ease and safety from the steamer to the tender.

The city, which is not the capital of the colony, although the largest town, lies just a little below the tropic of Capricorn, and thus enjoys a temperately warm climate, and is graced with a rich tropical vegetation that justifies the town's unchallenged claim to be the garden city of South Africa. Indeed, in this respect the whole colony of Natal stands out in precise contrast to the surrounding states, a bright green gem in the weary waste of the monotonous brown *veldt*. It is the Wales of South Africa, and with a sturdy spirit of independence has paddled its own canoe against that of its bigger and richer rival, the Cape Colony. Possibly the large leaven of Scot, particularly in Durban, is responsible for this solidarity and stubbornness in a contest where

the odds were certainly not equal. The population is of a very mixed description, and there is a distinct Oriental touch about it that is pleasant and refreshing. The ricksha is the favorite public conveyance; but instead of the small vehicle of Ceylon and Japan, that of Natal, although still light in structure, is capable of carrying two persons. Only a race of giants, such as the Basuto and his kindred tribes are, could manage a double-seated ricksha up the inclines round about the city. In stature and physique the Bantu tribes are probably the finest specimens of humanity on the globe. Certainly they are superior to the Maori, although perhaps the latter is the bigger brained creature of the two. But strong as he is, the native of Natal is disinclined to work any more than is necessary for keeping body and soul together. Consequently, although he is the common and convenient means of haulage, he is not the representative working-man of the colony. Thousands of Hindus, chiefly Madrasis, have been imported under government auspices, as servants and laborers; and with such satisfactory results that what was once a thin stream of immigration has assumed the proportions of a tidal bore. So great indeed is the increase that there is every reason to fear some serious complication of the gravest question which the government of Natal has to deal with—namely, the native question. There are now fifty thousand Indians in the colony, that is to say, they equal the whites in number; whilst there are nearly five hundred thousand natives, who, although averse to anything approaching continuous effort, are yet obliged to do some work in order to pay their annual hut-tax and provide the necessaries of life. A little larger increase in the supply of Indian labor, and the native will be shut out from all employment. To be sure, the influx of Asiatics may inspire the native to less spasmodic work. That would be a result as splendid as it was unexpected; and then it would become the business of the government to hinder by a poll-tax (as in California and Australia) or other preventive measure, the Asiatic invasion.

But pretty as Durban itself was, and interesting as was its labor problem, there was yet something outside the city that possessed stronger attractions for me. About sixteen miles from the town was a Trappist monastery, and a day's excursion to this home of silence remains in my mind as the most salient experience during my brief sojourn in Natal. I believe that strictly speaking there is no longer any such congregation as a Trappist brotherhood, since by a decree of the present Pope the order has been amalgamated with the Carthusians; but it is simpler to adhere for present purposes to the old appellation, not in any measure as a rigid Protestant's dissent from a papal decree, but because the place and the order are so widely known under the old style. About fourteen years ago some Trappist brothers purchased twelve thousand acres near the very small village of Pinetown, christening the property Marianhill, and here, unaided except by the lay brothers, they began their stupendous work. They made their own bricks, cut their own timber, and contrived their own water supply, buying nothing except galvanized iron and machinery, which were obviously beyond their powers of construction. Yet they have been able to make a system of roads through the property, build bridges, erect a large brick church capable of holding six hundred persons, also a still larger building that comprises the refectory and monks' cells; and finally, in addition to all this, they have constructed several substantial houses, schools, and workshops. Among the latter are to be seen an iron-foundry, a tannery, a large carpenters' shop, bootmaking and tailoring establishments, a bakery, a flour-mill, and, most surprising of all, a vast printing office, which includes not only the most modern printers' plant but also stereotyping and book-binding departments; whilst attached to it is another building where the monks found their own type. The produce of all these factories is not of course limited to the needs of the brothers any more than is the liquor manufactured at either the Grande Chartreuse or St. Elmo. From the tannery, for instance, where the pelt is

treated in all its stages from the raw hide to the finished article in leather, the monks send saddles, bags, and straps away even into the heart of Matabeleland or anywhere else where there may be a demand. In the carpenters' shop, wheels, doors, and window-sashes are manufactured for the contractors of Durban; whilst the printing office, at the time of my visit, was busily employed on a government contract.

All these edifices and works are the result of but fourteen years' labor, and at no time have the monks gone outside their own ranks for assistance. How has it been accomplished? Monks, novices, and lay-brothers retire at eight and rise at midnight or one in the morning according to the season of the year; whilst the rest of the twenty-four hours, except where the offices are being said and during the half-hours devoted to meals, they work at their several tasks. At all times unbooted and unbonneted, and, except in the schools, where the nature of the vocation makes it impossible, in absolute silence, the monks go through their daily round of incessant toil. The Trappists are vegetarians of the strictest sort. I was present at the principal meal of the day—dinner—and partly partook of it. The menu consisted of a thick barley-broth without either fat or any extract of meat, and a mash made of turnips, carrots, pumpkins, and beans, without condiment or seasoning of any kind, but there was plenty of beautifully-baked brown bread, and the whole was washed down with a cup of tamarind wine, an agreeable unfermented drink. The brethren ate the meal in silence, and the stillness of the huge refectory was broken only by the intermittent clink of a knife on some tin plate and the droning voice of the brother whose turn it was, whilst the others dined, to read aloud some passage from the Vulgate. When the meal was finished, each taking his plate and cup, handed them to the brother who acted as cook; and, thanking him, not in words, but with a grateful smile and bowed head, passed out immediately to some appointed task. To me it was altogether a touching sight. Here were over one hundred and fifty strongly-

built men who had not only left father and mother in some far land for His sake, but had denied themselves all the comforts and solaces of this world, even to the sweet sound of the human voice. All, except the youthful novices (who were still plump and rosy), bore traces, in the pallid complexion and hollow cheek, of the austerity of their life; most of them also wore spectacles. To what purpose is this stern devotion mainly directed? Simply to the end that a few hundred black brethren may be taught the knowledge of God and the consolations of the Church. I am not a Catholic, nor have I much sympathy with some of the practices and tenets of that church; but I should like to feel that the congregation to which I do belong could actively testify, as eloquently as the Trappist monastery of Marianhill does for the Catholic, how much self-sacrifice and real suffering can be endured, how high an example can be set when one is thus securely "mailed in the perfect panoply of faith." The Roman may be wrong in his solutions of the deep problem of life and the still deeper one of futurity. Such are matters which we may not know with certainty; the most plausible solution is, after all, a mere groping in the dark; but in the deeds that find words, in the examples that move us on to nobler ends, these white-robed brothers of St. Bernard may teach Protestants not a few salutary lessons.

It sometimes happens, of course, that some fall under the burden; the cross is too heavy and the habit is renounced. In this connection there was a curious and somewhat beautiful incident that came under my notice on that visit. In our tour round the well-cared-for grounds, the brother—there is always one who has a speaking part for the sake of the visitors—told me that only the week before they had buried one of the monks who had grown gray in the service of the order, and who had planned and cultivated the grounds, in which he had always taken the deepest pride, but his part now,

. . . In all the pomp that fills  
The circuit of the summer hills,  
Is that his grave is green.



In telling this there was no note of sadness in the monk's voice, but rather of happiness that one more of them had been bound into the sheaf of kindred souls. A little later on, however, when in the carpenters' shop, seeing one evidently of the outer world, for he wore neither habit nor clerical mark, I inquired who he was. "Ah, poor fellow!" said the monk, "for nearly three years he was a Trappist, and then sought permission to retire. He left us; but he returned two months ago seeking help; so we are teaching him a trade in which he can surely earn a living in the world." This confession of a failure was in a sad key, and there was emotion in the eyes of the speaker. The dead brother was not lost to them, but merely separated and resting from his labors and happy. This man, on the contrary, who was once in the ranks, had failed in strength and courage; and although the monks ungrudgingly assisted him, they were sad in the belief that he was a strayed sheep and in peril.

With delightful prescience, the Prior, concluding that the lenten entertainment of the refectory might not be sufficient nourishment for his worldly visitors, had arranged by telephone—just think of that for one moment, a telephone in a Trappist monastery—for us to take luncheon at the convent, which was situate about a mile from the monastery. In our walk towards the convent we were met by a brother, who, I was told, enjoyed quite a celebrity in the community—he was the engineering genius of the place, and in his case, for a reason I could not ascertain, the law of silence had been considerably relaxed, so we stopped to barter a few words. In the course of conversation, a young journalist, who had conducted our party from Durban, happened to say that he was showing Mark Twain over the monastery, explainly briefly who Mark Twain was, and ended by asking the brother if he had ever heard of the author of "The Innocents Abroad." "What! Mark Twain?" exclaimed the monk; "the real Mark Twain? Where is he? which is he? I must speak to him;" and then in a whisper, as if he were confessing some horrible sin, "I've read all his books. Yes, everything he

has published." He had his desire granted and accompanied the Tramp Abroad as far as the convent. The fellow had a magnificent laugh, such as that of Herr Teufelsdröckh, a "laugh of the whole man from head to heel." This brother was the one worldly note in those sad and silent surroundings, and his laugh appears almost incredible in the retrospect. Unlike the other monks whom we had seen, and who were all foreigners, chiefly Austrians and Germans, this one was an Englishman, and his bright address and cheery speech seemed to rouse us all out of a depression that had subdued our own conversation almost to whispers. Amidst the brotherhood of pathetic and grim-visaged ascetics it was very pleasant to meet this apostle of cheerful godliness; and I should like to think—what might really be—that his hearty laugh was mainly the result of long practice over the healthy pages of Mark Twain.

The convent was of most modest dimensions compared with the monastery; but from the many plain wooden crosses in the acre alongside there was ample evidence that in the short span of ten years many a sister had given her life for the colored children of that region. Here was just the same air of abstinence and incessant toil as prevailed among the brothers, but the industry was naturally directed into appropriate channels, such as needlework, laundry, and the manufacture of straw hats. The Superior was a Canadian; and it was noticeable that the law of silence was not insisted upon in the convent. This was perhaps a humane, not to say inevitable, concession to a congregation of women.

By the time luncheon was prepared we were all quite famished, and I, for one, still had the nauseous flavor of the monkish fare in my mouth. The meal, which was plain but satisfying, consisted of an exceptionally tough chicken, over a portion of which I spent a considerable amount of unavailing labor—vegetarians, however, cannot be regarded as experts in the choice of even a fowl; a peculiar salad made with oil extracted from monkey-nuts and vinegar manufactured from pineapple; great square, thick slices of bread, some

pasties, and sweet beer. Our neat-handed Phyllis was a nun of the red habit, whom, the luncheon finished, we thanked in the limited vocabulary of French that we enjoyed in common. But we were not to leave Marianhill without a little theatrical incident. A priest who had come out with us from Durban had mounted into the vehicle with the precedence commonly accorded to the cloth. He had scarcely seated himself when a shrill pathetic voice cried out: "*Hélas! mon père, mon père, vous ne m'avez pas bénie,*" and like a flash a red habit brushed past us and prostrated itself in the dust alongside the trap. It was Phyllis; and the priest had to dismount to confer the omitted benediction—I thought in a rather perfunctory manner—receiving in return a grateful "*Merçi, bien merci, mon père.*"

CARLYLE SMYTHE.

---

From The Spectator.  
BORDER ESSAYS.<sup>1</sup>

Lovers of Scotch and English poetry alike will find much to interest them in these gathered-up essays of the late Professor Veitch. We say lovers of poetry advisedly, for though the notes on "The Vale of Manor and the Black Dwarf" range over another field of literature, and other papers refer more particularly to historical events, still the main interest, we think, is centred in "The Yarrow of Wordsworth and Scott," and the discussion on the old ballad named "The Dowle Dens of Yarrow." Speaking of "Yarrow stream," Professor Veitch says: "Around this stream—this valley with its hills, its ruined towers, its storied names—there has grown, through the last three centuries at least, a fulness of stirring associations and of imaginative feeling, a wealth of romantic ballad and pathetic song, such as is not paralleled in Scotland." It seems as if all the old associations, the memories linked with that quiet valley and the Border stream, had been gathered up, a rich harvest of poetic fancy, by Words-

worth. Even the poem written when Yarrow was yet unvisited adds to the sheaf. Many of us have to be satisfied with the thought:—

Enough if in our hearts we know  
There's such a place as Yarrow.

The poet has transferred his own vision to us. We defer completer knowledge until we, too, stand in Wordsworth's company, as it were, eleven years later, when he first saw the Yarrow. The little company, including, according to Professor Veitch, Hogg, William Laidlaw, and Dr. Anderson, found their way to the stream through "one of the greenest, purest, most pathetic glens in the Borderland." We can imagine that the charm of the lonely scenery, the fulfillment of more youthful suggestions and anticipations, the flood of memories, historical and traditional, filled the poet at first with that emotion, that "pensive recollection" which is akin to sadness:—

But thou, that didst appear so fair  
To fond imagination,  
Dost rival in the light of day  
Her delicate creation;

Meek loveliness is round thee spread.  
A softness still and holy;  
The grace of forest charms decayed,  
And pastoral melancholy.

Scott is probably responsible for the expression, "pastoral melancholy." It is a reminiscence of the ballad of the "Dowle Dens," *dowie* meaning melancholy, and the various versions of the "Braes of Yarrow" were obviously equally familiar to Wordsworth. He has woven the essence of the old ballads into the substance of his poems. The "genuine image" that he has seen will dwell with him in after days, the memory will not be wholly melancholy, the sunshine that played on the "ever-youthful waters" will cast its rays on his fancy. Professor Veitch tells us that—

There are few valleys . . . whose scenery is capable of greater contrasts at different times, and under different atmospheric conditions. It can smile and cheer in sunshine; it can softly soothe in its green pastoral calm; or when the stream steals through the misty haughs, it can

<sup>1</sup> "Border Essays." By John Veitch, M. A.  
London: W. Blackwood and Sons.

sadden, even depress, by suggestions of awe, gloom, and indefiniteness. On the same day even, the stream is in the sunny noon clear and sparkling; in the gloaming it wears a wan, pathetic look. A sudden mountain shower will shroud it in gloom; to be followed by a sudden outburst of sunshine, which renders its green sloping braes at once golden and glad.

For the last time Wordsworth and Scott visited the stream they have both immortalized seventeen years later, when Wordsworth and his daughter Dora were staying at Abbotsford. It was late in September, and autumnal days were gathering round the two, outwardly and inwardly:—

Grave thoughts ruled wide on that sweet day,

Their dignity installing

In gentle bosoms, while sere leaves

Were on the bough, or falling.

The landscape and the stream were still the same, still lighted by gleams of sunshine, the visitors alone were "changed and changing." Natural shadows were spreading over the head of the Minstrel of the Border; it was Scott's last sight of his beloved Yarrow. The old traditions preserved in ballad and story, the raids and combats and feuds, so intimately connected with "the Forest," the district of the Yarrow and the Ettrick, had filled his fancy and fired his imagination. Professor Veitch thinks that a deep undercurrent of sadness "tinges his descriptions of scenery,—especially of the Border district." He thinks this "background of pathos" is partly due to the brooding over a stirring but irrevocable past, and partly to the colorless monotony of the moors and glens, the long winter, the dead bracken, the dark stretches of heather. A vivid imagination must always feel emotion in gazing on any scene rich in memories of past days, and such emotion will be felt in the deeper side of man's nature; he will recall with passionate sadness that—

There hath past away a glory from the earth.

Heroism, loyalty, endurance, when we

hear their echoes, even dimly, stir some chord that thrills in response; the poetic nature must be doubly impressionable, even more keenly alive and responsive to such thrilling. It exclaims with Shelley:—

We look before and after,

And pine for what is not;

Our sincerest laughter

With some pain is fraught;

Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

To quote once more from Professor Veitch: "The introduction to the second canto of *"Marmion"* lays bare the whole inner heart of Scott. It is devoted almost wholly to the Yarrow. It is the lifelong feeling of the man,—deep, loving, passionate. Regret for the past, vivid imagining of it, old memories strong as if they were present perceptions, the softening and subduing power of old story,—all this we find."

The ballad mentioned above, "The Dowle Dens of Yarrow," is the well-known one compiled by Sir Walter Scott from several versions, and included in his *"Minstrelsy."* Professor Veitch claims to have discovered an earlier ballad of the Yarrow than either "Willy's Drowned in Yarrow" or the "Dowle Dens." He traces its genealogy back to the early part of the last century, a copy having been preserved in the family of the late "William Welsh, Peebleshire cottar and poet," and handed down through several generations. William Welsh recited the ballad when he was an old man to Professor Veitch, and wrote it out for him, "stating very explicitly that it was from the recitation of his mother and grandmother." The professor is an authority on Scotch border poetry, and he concludes that this version of "The Dowle Dens" is older than the earliest printed fragment by Herd, and probably as early as "Rare Willy's drowned in Yarrow," first printed by Allan Ramsay in 1724. He thinks that this early version clears up the incongruities that have puzzled various ballad editors, and that it is probably the fountain-head of both these Yarrow ballads, and

that the "Dowie Dens" as compiled by Sir Walter Scott "was a mixed, therefore incongruous, reference to the incident of the earlier ballad, and to a later incident in the relations of the families of Scott of Thirlestane and Scott of Tuschielaw." The incident of one man fighting nine, being killed treacherously, and thrown into the Yarrow, is the same in both versions, but the position of the single man who fought is essentially different.

In the introduction to the "Dowie Dens" in the "Minstrelsy" Sir Walter Scott alludes to the hero of the ballad as being a brave knight named Scott, of Kirkhope or Oakwood Castle, called the Baron of Oakwood, and says that according to tradition he was treacherously murdered by the brother either of his wife or of his betrothed bride. In the older version as furnished by Welsh the first stanzas dispel this illusion:—

At Dryhope lived a lady fair,  
The fairest flower in Yarrow;  
And she refused nine noble men  
For a servan' lad in Gala.

Her father said that he should fight  
The nine lords all to-morrow;  
And he that should the victor be,  
Would get the Rose of Yarrow.

Here, at once, is the reason for the unequal contest, and also for the conduct of the lady's brother, who sprang upon the young man from behind a bush when he was fighting the nine lords or "lairds," and slew him treacherously. Then the body was thrown ignominiously into the Yarrow, and the lady recounts her dream:—

The lady said, "I dreamed yestreen,  
I fear it bodes some sorrow,  
That I was pu'in' the heather green,  
On the scroggy braes o' Yarrow."  
(Welsh's version.)

The older ballad omits the beautiful stanza given by Herd in his fragment, and embodied by Scott:—

O gentle wind that bloweth south  
From where my love repairith,  
Convey a kiss from his dear mouth,  
And tell me how he fareth,

but contains the couplet—

But only saw the cloud o' night,  
Or heard the roar of Yarrow,

which Logan introduced into his song of "The Braes of Yarrow," published in 1770. Professor Veitch descants on the epithet "scroggy braes" with much relish of its appropriateness. "Scroggy," he says, "is better than all. This expresses exactly the look of the stunted trees and bushes on the braes of Yarrow—two and a half centuries ago, when the forest was decaying—such as only a native minstrel could have seen or felt. 'The scroggy braes'—this was never said before in Scottish ballad or minstrel song—yet it is so true and so ancient!" Whether this old ballad settles the vexed question of the heroship of the ballad, and whether the heroine was wife or betrothed, seems to us a small matter, but to have recovered an early version of so favorite a theme, and one immortalized by the associations cast round it by Scott and Wordsworth, is a matter of genuine congratulation, while the lights thrown on the various versions and their details are exceptionally interesting and instructive.

---

From The Athenæum.  
A POETIC TRIO.

It occurs to me that now, when we have so recently lost the last of the three women whose names were once so often linked together by the reading public—Dora Greenwell, Christina Rossetti, and Jean Ingelow (I am naming them in the order in which they died)—you might like to print some of the letters which passed between them before they had met each other face to face, after which they naturally became much more intimate. Their first meeting took place some time not very long after the dates of the following letters. I must premise that these ladies lived in the days when the cry, "Go spin, ye jades, go spin!" was still not infrequently heard if a woman wished to devote herself to any

branch of art, and all three were anxious to show that though they wrote poetry they were none the less proficient in the usual womanly crafts.

Miss Greenwell had challenged Miss Rossetti to produce a creditable sample of skilled needlework. Dora Greenwell's own *Meisterstück* was a well-made workbag. This is Miss Rossetti's letter acknowledging the gift:—

5, Upper Albany St., London, N. W.  
31 December, 1863.

*My Dear Miss Greenwell*,—Your very kind gift reproaches me for so late an acknowledgement, but indeed I have been so busy as to feel excused for not having till now thanked you for it. Even now I have not made myself acquainted with its contents, but I must soon do so, having just succeeded in clearing off a small batch of work for the S. P. C. K.

The last day of the year suggests more good wishes than I venture to express to you. Thank you for the friendly welcome accorded to my *carte*. I should be truly pleased to possess yours; but will not bore you with too urgent a request, as probably so many persons are in my case.

What think you of Jean Ingelow, the wonderful poet? I have not yet read the volume, but reviews with copious extracts have made me aware of a new eminent name having arisen among us. I want to know who she is, what she is like, where she lives. All I have heard is an uncertain rumor that she is aged twenty-one, and is one of three sisters resident with their mother. A proud mother, I should think. If our dear Scotts move away altogether from the North, I fear my prospect of making your personal acquaintance must dwindle to the altogether vague. Your kindness, however, has made us no strangers, even should we never meet—or, rather, never meet here; for on the last day of the year the separations and meetings of time should not alone be thought of.

Yours cordially,

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

Miss Ingelow must have been drawn into this competition very soon after the date of this letter, for on the 9th of February she wrote:—

6, Denmark Place, Hastings.

*My Dear Miss Greenwell*,—I have for some time been anxious to write to you, both to thank you for your kind note and for the poems you sent me. I like them

much, and really think they are likely to reach the class for which they were written. The poor men here are all of the seafaring class, or I should have given those verses away. Do you know that I have finished a bag for you? I shall send it, I think, by railway, for my brother is coming to-morrow as usual, and he will convey it as far as London. The pattern is of my own invention! Is the kettle-holder worked yet? I shall be so proud of it. When I next see Miss Rossetti I shall ask for proof that she can do hemming and sewing. . . . It is a pleasure to me that you like those little stories. They have not much in them, but it was an amusement to me to write them; writing for children is so completely its own reward; it obliges one to be simple and straightforward, and clears away some of the mystical fancies in which one is apt to indulge, and which are a mere luxury. They never do us any good, and I am often humiliated by meeting with sensible fellow creatures who ask me what some of them mean. . . . There has been so much leisure here that my new volume is all but finished. It is, however, not to be printed yet. I am, believe me,

Very affectionately yours,

JEAN INGELOW.

Miss Ingelow's workbag was a beautiful piece of craftsmanship. Garlands of flowers, done from those to be found in almost any pretty and well-cared-for garden, were wrought with narrow china ribbon of all colors and shades and blendings on a ground of black cloth—no work of the kind could have been better executed. Here my knowledge of this great sewing competition comes to an end. I have even forgotten whether Miss Rossetti's piece of work was ever sent, but my impression is that it was not.

M.

From The London Standard.  
THE EARLY RISING FALLACY.

Of late years it has been argued wisely and well that early rising is one of the chief causes of lunacy. Liers in bed in all ages have contended that it is one of the many effects of lunacy; there was not the smallest doubt about the mental condition of a man who rose at day-break from choice, but modern science



has discovered that it is not only an effect but a cause of insanity. Liers abed will be overjoyed to hear that those who rise at four all suffer the same fate as those who

. . . Use fuses:  
All grow by slow degrees  
Brainless as chimpanzees,  
Meagre as lizards;  
Go mad and beat their wives,  
Plunge, after shocking lives,  
Razors and carving knives  
Into their gizzards.

Such is the terrible fate of the rash individual who would dare to rise before the sun. The overweening conceit of the man who rises at daybreak has long been a source of wonder among observant psychologists, but now it is no longer a mystery; it is explained by the new early rising and insanity theory. Surely the conceited Pharisee, who struts like the cock he helps to the garden wall, is more deserving of pity than contempt, for are not his symptoms premonitory of the madness, incipient as yet in him, but freely promised in its fullness by the medical faculty to all those who waste the best hours of the day drinking the intoxicating morning air on an empty stomach? The picture

of the early riser in this interesting stage of incipient madness is highly edifying. It is of him and his ilk that the psalmist speaks when he says, "Behold, as wild asses of the desert go they forth to their work, rising betimes for their prey." Having risen with the sun, the Morning Pharisee has reached by breakfast time a sublime altitude from which he gazes down at the saner beings around him with a lofty contempt. He imagines that because he has secured the dewdrop before the lark has had a chance to plan the larceny, he is necessarily a poet of the first water—an exalted being above the littleness of expostulating with the man who appears when the coffee is cold. After all, what has he achieved? A dewdrop, wet feet, and a morbid craving for the picturesque and sensational in nature. In these days of cranks and crazes, there are thousands of crack-brained people who would barter away three hours of healthy sleep for a dewdrop and its undesirable train of evils. No one wonders at this, it is so common; the wonder is that these people have never found their way, until quite recently, into the treatises on the morbid pathological conditions of the brain.

The Tsetse-Fly.—It used to be believed that the tsetse-fly disease, that plague of African travel, was due to a poison natural to the tsetse-fly, as the acrid secretions of ants or hornets are natural to those insects. A group of English bacteriologists have been investigating the disease, and it is now known that the tsetse-fly is the mere bearer of the disease. The fly itself is the prey of a minute animal organism, and when it sucks the blood of an ox, some of these parasites enter the wound and multiply incredibly in the blood-vessels. Specimens of the blood of affected animals have been shown under high magnification, and the tiny, eel-like parasites, not larger than blood-corpuscles, are seen

in countless numbers. Under another microscope a drop of fresh blood was shown with the parasites actually alive and wriggling in disgusting activity. For comparison there were shown, alive and dead, similar parasites found infesting the blood of sewer rats in this country. Unfortunately, these parasites appear not to affect the health of the rats. The exhibition was a striking demonstration of the modern knowledge of diseases; most of these are now seen to be phases of the struggle for existence between small organisms like microbes and large organisms like man and the other vertebrates. And the victory is not always with the strong.—Saturday Review.

